NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VII.---NO. 27. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1846. WHOLE NUMBER 339.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum: Strictly in advance in all cases.

H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Selections.

GERRIT SMITH TO STEPHEN C. PHILLIPS.

PETERBORO', October 23, 1846.

Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, of Salem, Massachusetts:

DEAR SIR: This day's mail brings me the speech, which you delivered at the meeting recently assembled at Faneuil Hall to consider the outrage of kidnapping a man in the streets of Boston.

I am not insensible to the ability, eloquence, beauty, of this speech:—and yet it fails of pleasing me. The meeting, after I saw its proceedings, was no longer an object of my pleasant contemplations. Indeed, Massachusetts herself has ceased to be such an object. There was a time, when, among all Commonwealths, she was my *beau ideal*. Her wisdom, integrity, bravery—in short, her whole history, from her bud in the Mayflower to the blossoms and fruits, with which a ripe civilization had adorned and enriched her—made her the object of my warm and unmeasured admiration. But, a change has come over her. Alas, how great and sad a one! She has sunk her ancient worth and glory in her base devotion to Mammon and party.

When, in the year 1835, one of her sons—that one, to whom she, not to say this whole nation, owes more than to any other person, was, for his honest, just, and fearless assaults on Slavery, driven by infuriate thousands through the streets of her metropolis, with a halter round his neck, Massachusetts looking on applauding. So far was she from disclaiming the mob, that she boasted, that her "gentlemen of property and standing" composed it. Indeed, one of her first acts after the mob, was to choose for her Governor the man, who promptly rewarded her for this choice by his official recommendation to treat Abolitionists as criminals.

Massachusetts was not, however, lost to shame. It was not in vain, that the finger of scorn was pointed at her for this mob and for other demonstrations of her pro-slavery. For very decency's sake, she began to adjust her dress, and put on better appearances. Indeed, anti-slavery sentiment became the order of the day with her: and, from her chief statesman down to her lowest demagogue, all tried their skill in uttering big words against Slavery. But the hollowest sentiment and the merest prating constituted the whole warp and woof of this pretended and unsubstantial opposition to Slavery. Massachusetts still remains the slave of party and Mammon. She would still vote for slaveholders, rather than break up the national parties to which she was wedded. She would still make every concession to the slave power to induce it to spare her manufactures.

A fine occasion was afforded Massachusetts, a few years ago, to talk her anti-slavery words, and display her anti-slavery sentiment; and right well did she improve it. I refer to the casting the fugitive slave, George Latimer, into one of her jails. Instantly did she show anti-slavery colours. She was anti-slavery all over, and to the very core also, as a stranger to her ways would have thought. But, beneath all her manifestations of generous regard for the oppressed, she continued to be none the less bound up in avarice—none the less servile to the South. The first opportunity she had to do so, she again voted for slaveholders.

Then came the project to annex Texas. The slaveholders demanded more territory to soak with the sweat and tears and blood of the poor African. This was another occasion for Massachusetts to make another anti-slavery bluster. She made it:—*and then voted for Clay*—for the very man who had done unspeakably more than any other man to extend and perpetuate the dominion of American Slavery. As a specimen of her heartlessness, in this instance of her anti-slavery parade, her present Whig Governor, who was among the foremost and loudest to condemn this scheme of Annexation, is now calling, in the name of patriotism, on his fellow-citizens to consummate it, by murdering the unoffending Mexicans.

Next came the expulsion of her Commissioners from Charleston and New Orleans. Again, she blustered, for a moment. She denounced Slavery and the South. She boasted of herself, as if she still were what she had been;—as if "modern degeneracy had not reached her." But the sequel proved her hypocrisy and baseness. After a little time she quietly pocketed the insult, and was as ready as ever, to vote for slaveholders.

I will refer to but one more of the many opportunities, which Massachusetts has had to prove herself worthy of her former history. It is that, which called out your present speech. This was emphatically an opportunity for Massachusetts to show herself to be an Anti-Slavery State. But she had not a heart to improve it. Her own citizens, in the very streets of her own gloried-in city, had chased down a man, and bound him, and plunged him into the pit of perpetual Slavery. The voice of such a deed, sufficient to rend her rocks, and move her mountains, could not startle the dead soul of her people. They are the fast-bound slaves of Mammon and of party. True, a very great meeting was gathered in Faneuil Hall. Eloquent speeches were made; and a committee of vigilance was appointed. But nothing was done to redeem herself from her degeneracy: nothing to recal to her loathsome carcase the great and glorious spirit, which had departed from it; nothing was done for the slave. When the year 1848 shall come round, Massachusetts, if still impenitent, will be as ready to vote for the slaveholders, whom the South shall then bid her vote for, as she was to do so in 1844.

To be serious, Mr. Phillips—*you* are not the man to have to do with Capt. Hannum and his employers, unless it be to set them an example of repentance. It becomes you not to look down upon them, but to take your seat by their side, and to bow your head as low as shame and sorrow should bow theirs. No—if Capt. Hannum and his employers should steal a man every remaining day of their lives, they could not do as much to sanction and perpetuate the crime of man-stealing, as the honoured and influential Stephen C. Phillips has done by labouring to elect to the highest civil office the very man-stealer, who has contributed far more than any other living person to make man-stealing reputable, and to widen the theatre of its horrors.

Alas, what a pity to lose such an occasion for good, as was afforded by this instance of kidnapping! That was the occasion for you and other distinguished voters for slaveholders to employ the power of your own repentance in bringing other pro-slavery voters to repentance. That was the occasion for your eyes to stream with contrite sorrow, and your lips to exclaim: "We have sinned: we have sinned against God and the slave:—we have not sought to have civil government look after the poor and weak and oppressed and crushed:—but we have perverted and degraded it from this high and holy and Heaven-intended use, to the low purposes of money-making, and to the furtherance of the selfish schemes of ambition:—we have not chosen for rulers men, who, in their civil office, as Josiah in his, 'judged the cause of the poor and needy'—men, who, in their civil office, could say, as did Job in his, 'I was a father to the poor; I broke the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth'—but we have chosen our Clays and Polks—pirates, who rob and buy and sell the poor—monsters, who, with 'their sharks' teeth, devour the poor." Deny, doubt, evade it as you will, you may nevertheless, my dear Sir, depend upon it, that it is for your repentance, and the repentance of all voters for slaveholders, that God calls. He calls, also, for the repentance of the American ministry, that so wickedly and basely refuses to preach Bible politics, and to insist on the true and Heaven-impressed character of civil government. Depend upon it, my dear Sir, that your disease and theirs is one which can be cured by no medicine short of the medicine of repentance. I am not unaware that this is a most offensive and humbling medicine, especially to persons in the higher walks of life; nevertheless, you and they must take it or remain uncured. No clamour against Capt. Hannum and his employers—no attempt to make scape-goats of them—will avail to cure you.

Alas, what a pity, that a mere farce should have taken the place of the great and solemn measure which was due from your meeting! Had your meeting felt that the time for trifling on the subject of Slavery had gone by, and had it passed, honestly and heartily, the resolution, "NO VOTING FOR SLAVEHOLDERS, NOR FOR THOSE WHO ARE IN POLITICAL FELLOWSHIP WITH SLAVEHOLDERS," it would have had the honour of giving the death-blow to American Slavery. This resolution, passed by such a meeting, would have electrified the whole nation. Within all its limits, every true heart would have responded to it, and every false one been filled with shame.

When the glorious missionary, William Knibb, had seen the slaveholders tear down and burn a large share of the chapels in Jamaica, he set sail for Great Britain. Scarcely had he landed, ere he began the cry, "SLAVERY IS INCOMPATIBLE WITH CHRISTIANITY." He went over his native land, uttering this cry. A mighty cry it was. The walls of British Slavery felt its power as certainly as did the wall of Jericho, the shout by which it was prostrated.

The power of the cry, "NO VOTING FOR SLAVEHOLDERS, NOR FOR THOSE WHO ARE IN POLITICAL FELLOWSHIP WITH SLAVEHOLDERS," would, were it to proceed from the right lips, be as effective against the walls of *American* Slavery, as was the cry of William Knibb against the walls of *British* Slavery.—You and Charles Sumner, (I know and love him,) and Charles Francis Adams and John G. Palfrey are the men to utter this cry. Go, without delay, over the whole length and breadth of your State, pouring these talismanic words into the ears of the thousands and tens of thousands who will flock to hear you; and Massachusetts will, even at the approaching election, reject all her pro-slavery candidates. Such is the power of truth, when proceeding from honored and welcome lips!

Your great meeting was a farce:—and will you pardon me if I cite your own speech to prove it? That speech which denounces your fellow-citizens for stealing *one man*, was delivered by a gentleman, who (risum teneatis?) contends, that a person, who steals *hundreds of men*, is fit to be President of the United States! It is ludicrous, beyond all parallel, that he, who would crown with the highest honors the very prince of kidnappers, should, with a grave face, hold up to the public abhorrence the poor man, who has only just begun to try his hand at kidnapping. Then, your *contemptuous bearing* towards Capt. Hannum and his employers!—how affected! If you shall not be utterly insensible to the claims of consistency, who, when you shall have Henry Clay to dine with you, will you allow to be better entitled than this same Capt. Hannum and his employers to seats at your table? Cease, my dear Sir, from your outrages on consistency. You glory in Mr. Clay. How can you then despise and reproach those, who, with however much of the awkwardness of beginners, are, nevertheless, doing their best to step forward in the tracks of their "illustrious predecessor?"

It would be very absurd—would it not?—for you to denounce the stealing of a single sheep, at the same time, that you are counting as worthy of all honor the man, who steals a whole flock of sheep. But, I put it to your candor, whether it be a whit more absurd then is your deep loathing and unutterable contempt of Capt. Hannum and his employers for a crime, which, though incessantly repeated and infinitely aggravated in the case of Mr. Clay, does not disqualify him, in your esteem, to be the chief ruler of this nation—to be, what the civil ruler is required to be—"the minister of God."

You intimate that the State Prison is the proper place for Capt. Hannum and his employers. And do you not think it the proper place for Henry Clay, also? Out upon your partiality, if, because he is your candidate for the Presidency, you would not have this old and practised man-thief punished, as well as those, who are but in their first lessons of his horrid piracy!

Be in earnest, ye Phillipses and Sumners and Adamses and Palfreys—be entirely in earnest, in your endeavors to overthrow Slavery. You desire its overthrow, and are doing something to promote it. But you lack the deep and indispensable earnestness; and therefore, do you shrink from the bold and revolutionary means, which the case demands. No inferior means, however, will accomplish the object. As well set your babies to catch Leviathans with pin-hooks, as attempt to overturn American Slavery by means which fall below the stern and steadfast purpose: "NO VOTING FOR SLAVEHOLDERS, NOR FOR THOSE WHO ARE IN POLITICAL FELLOWSHIP WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." But only press the hearts of your fellow-men with this, the solemn and immovable purpose of your own hearts—and fallen Massachusetts rises again—and American Slavery dies—and your names are written in enduring letters among the names of the saviours of your country.

Very respectfully, yours,
GERRIT SMITH.

Hear the South through one of its organs, the New-York Herald. The old bugbear of Dissolution, however, will answer no longer. There would be some hope that the North might take her at her word. Nevertheless, we believe she will have her own way on this question of new slave territory. We believe the New-York Tribune, and other Whig prints, will eat their own words up clean before another twelve-month has passed away:

Correspondence of the New-York Herald.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION—ITS IMPORTANCE TO AMERICA—WHAT ARE WE TO DO WITH OUR NEW TERRITORY?

WASHINGTON, November 19, 1846.

This question, you may depend upon it, is of vital consequence. It will probably agitate Congress at its next session, and must, at all events, be decided at the session of '47–'8. Its settlement with reference to the country recently acquired on the Rio Grande, and on the Pacific, south of Oregon, cannot be postponed more than a year. If it is once fully and distinctly mixed up with the election of a President, so as to control or even materially influence such election, mark my words—the Confederacy will be convulsed to its centre, and many fear it may not survive the shock. I have great faith in the patriotic good sense and forbearance of my countrymen, in every section of the Union, despite the recklessness of sectional political partisans and fanatical incendiaries, but there is much to fear. Many honest and good citizens do not reflect on this subject, but act from their impulses. The momentous consequences involved, require of every patriot that he should weigh well every step that has the least bearing upon it, and act calmly, dispassionately, and without prejudice. I will not pretent to anticipate the course that will be pursued by any, except to avow the conviction that, if the South are overpowered in the conflict before Congress, a blow will be inflicted, not merely upon the Democratic party, of a fatal character, but upon the union of the States themselves, which will seriously injure, and may possibly destroy it. Whether the Southern members of Congress will stay one moment in their seats after what they regard as an outrage of the principles of the Constitution, and an unjustifiable invasion of, and interference with, their rights and domestic institutions, is perpetrated, is a question they will then decide. Doubtless the advice and influence of that great man and pure patriot, John C. Calhoun, will have controlling weight with the Southern members, and it is mainly upon him, therefore, that we regard the responsibility of preserving the integrity of the Union rests. The Democracy should look to him on this question as their Nestor. The abandonment by the Southern members of their seats, would leave the Democracy of the other sections to the tender mercies of their Whig opponents on all questions, and the accumulated Whig enormities that would then be enacted, could not fail to drive the South to extremities.

This matter should be settled this winter if possible, to avert the dire calamities otherwise certainly impending over this country. It would not then be mixed up in the next Presidential canvass. If it is, the Democratic party will be torn to pieces, and become an easy prey to their adversaries.

* * * The truth is, that the opponents of the institution of domestic servitude are too rash and impolitic to succeed well. They should not moot the question while its decision is connected with our foreign relations, and with the restoration of peace with Mexico. *They should wait till the application for admission as a State is made.*

From the Western (Chicago) Citizen.

ARISTOCRACY OF THE SKIN.

They have had quite a time at Rush Medical College, in this city, because a student presented himself to attend the lectures, whose skin happened to be a shade darker than the fashionable colour. The facts, as they have been stated to us, are these. The gentleman alluded to is J. E. Peck, of Pittsburgh, son of the editor of the "Mystery," a weekly paper, published in that city. He is well known to many of our citizens as a talented and worthy man, having studied for some time with Dr. Dyer. Last year he attended the lectures of the Medical College, no one of the students objecting to his presence among them. This season, however, there has been an infusion of cutaneous aristocracy, brought into the institution, as we learn, by two or three students from the South. The faculty thought proper to leave the question of his admission altogether to the students, who decided to receive him, by a vote of twenty-seven to fourteen. Four voted blank, and one refused to vote at all. We are informed that the four who voted blank were favourable to his reception, but did not, for some reason, wish to commit themselves.

The Southern gentlemen talked loudly of leaving in case Mr. Peck was admitted, but upon "second sober thought," concluded not to do so. One foolish young man from Michigan, who had been made a cat's-paw of by them, and who had gone too far to back out with dignity, left in the Champion, on Friday evening. He had been led to expect that he would have company, but when it came to the scratch, he stood "alone in his glory." We hope, if he lives a few years longer, that he may get some juster ideas of manly dignity.

We are informed by one of the students, friendly to Mr. Peck, that he is every way superiour to any one that opposed his entrance into the college. On his way here, Professor Ackley, of the Medical institution at Cleveland, who knew and appreciated his abilities, invited him to remain there, but he chose to come to Chicago. We doubt not that he has manhood enough to treat such an estimate of worth and character with the contempt which it deserves.

W.

From the Liberator.

LETTER TO GERRIT SMITH.

[The letter of Mr. Smith, to which the following is a reply, may be found in another column.]

DEDHAM, (Mass.) Nov. 12, 1846.

Gerrit Smith, Esq. Peterboro', N. Y:

DEAR SIR:—I have just finished the perusal of a printed letter, of which you have done me the honour to send me a copy, addressed by you to the Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, of Salem, and drawn forth by his speech at Faneuil Hall, at the kidnapping meeting. Some of your positions in that letter, seem to me not less suggestive of comment, than the speech of Mr. Phillips, and I am sure you will pardon me if I imitate your example so far, as to throw such thoughts as occur to me into an epistolary form, instead of reducing them to the shape of a formal leading article.

I have not a word to say in deprecation of the severity of your censures upon my native State. She deserves all you say of her, and a great deal more. Her conduct in the several instances you enumerate, was base and flagitious to a degree that may well defy the possibility of excessive condemnation. So swift has she been to work wickedness, that she has outstripped the flight of the most winged words of denunciation and rebuke. They "toil after her in vain." Her shame is made the more manifest by her words of grace, and her imperfect acts of goodness, in time past. Her sins, at least, are not sins of ignorance. She is condemned out of her own mouth. She may well apply to herself the mournful self-reproach of the Roman satirist,

"————meliora video proboque!
Deteriora sequor!"

Hers is the deepest damnation of all;

"To see the right, and yet the wrong pursue!"

But while I am willing to assent to any terms of denunciation which you may choose to apply to the conduct and position of Massachusetts, my grounds for joining you in your condemnation of her are very different, and, I must say, far higher than yours. Her chief crime, in your eyes, consists in her having given her vote for slaveholders for the highest offices in the nation. Her rank offence in mine lies in her consenting voluntarily to remain a component part of a slaveholding nation, and thus most emphatically to be a slaveholder herself. And, especially, her electing, after the concurrence of the event which she proclaimed would be equivalent to a dissolution of the Union, when her several members might elect whether or not they would renew it, her electing voluntarily to enter into the new Confederacy, of which the indefinite extension of slave territory, and the established supremacy of the slave power in the Government, are recognized elements. Massachusetts is verily guilty towards the American slave, not because she *votes for slaveholders*, (which I think I shall presently show she was right in doing, if the position which she occupies in common with yourself be tenable,) but because *she votes at all* under a Constitution which has always been, and is now more than ever, the chain of chains that binds him to his despair.

You are disposed to be merry, in view of the inconsistency of Mr. Phillips, in denouncing Hannum and Pearson, after he had voted for Mr. Clay at the last election. His inconsistency you think "ludicrous beyond all parallel." You will pardon me, my dear Sir, if I think that one case of absurdity quite parallel to this is to be found in your own comic insensibility to the fact that you are in the same condemnation with him.

"O, would some power the giftie gie you
To see yourself as others see you;"

and you would perceive plainly enough that "you are not the man to do with" Mr. Phillips, "unless it be to set him an example of repentance!"

I have not a word to say in defence of Mr. Phillips's position. It is bad enough, God knows. Only it is not a jot worse than Mr. Smith's. In what do you agree with Mr. Phillips, and wherein do you differ from him? You both agree in acknowledging the Constitution of the United States to be the Supreme law of the land, and are ready to appoint others by your influence and votes to swear to support it, and, doubtless, in certain contingencies, to do the same thing yourself. In this main point you are agreed. You differ only as to the qualifications of your candidates. You think that a slaveholder is not, and Mr. Phillips thinks that a slaveholder is, a proper person to be voted for, under the Constitution. And, I must say, it seems to me that, as between you two, he is in the right.

What is there, pray, in the Constitution of the United States, that makes a slaveholder unfit for suffrage? Does it so exclude and abhor all recognition of Slavery, that it would be a violation of its letter, or of its spirit, to appoint a slaveholder to act under it? I presume you are aware of the existence of the clauses in the Constitution forbidding the suppression of the Slave-Trade prior to 1808, securing the recapture of fugitive slaves, the three-fifths representation, and the guarantee against domestic insurrection;—the three first solely, and the last chiefly, looking to the security of Slavery. When Slavery itself is thus gathered under the wings of the Constitution, it seems strange that a slaveholder should not be good enough to serve under it.

I know that certain learned and reverend Pundits of the Third party, to which I believe you still belong, have made the notable discovery that the Constitution has no allusion to Slavery at all, or, at least, that it is susceptible of being so twisted, by a little pious pettifogging, that the South may be cheated of the fruit of those promises, on the faith of which it came into the Union! This morality may satisfy the consciences of squeamish, but not over-nice, voters at the North; but I think that our Southern brethren would class it, and justly, too, with that of certain commercial travellers, who, they tell us, sometimes furnish them with *wooden nutmegs*, instead of the genuine article. This reasoning may convince those who are pre-determined to hold this extraordinary opinion, in the fulness of the true faith, perhaps, which believes what it is bid, all the more because it is incredible, (*credo quia impossibile est!*); but these philosophers will find it as hard to convince the average of men in possession of the usual allowance of senses, that the Constitution is Anti-Slavery, as Lord Peter did to persuade his brothers, Jack and Martin, that the brown loaf was an excellent leg of mutton.

I have not had the pleasure of seeing any of your recent writings or speeches, and do not know exactly where you now stand as to this matter. I remember, indeed, that some time ago you held opinions as to the Constitution somewhat similar to those I have just animadverted upon. But as I remember, also, that you stated, (inadvertently, of course,) that the clause relating to the Slave-Trade was a proof that the Constitution was Anti-Slavery, *because it provided for the abolition of the Slave-Trade in* 1808, WHEREAS IT ONLY FORBADE ITS SUPPRESSION BEFORE THAT TIME; I cannot but hope that a more accurate study of the clauses in question may have led you to a different view of their character, I can hardly conceive that a man of business and (in a good sense) a man of the world, like you, can fail to perceive that a *law* is a "fixed fact," and not a floating opinion; and that its intent is determined by the known purpose of the law-makers and by the construction of the courts, and not by the whims, fancies, or even consciences of private individuals.

I humbly conceive that it is not for you to give yourself airs of superior virtue over Mr. Phillips, and to read him lectures in political morality. Your position is in nowise a higher or better one than his. You both acknowledge the binding authority of the national compact, and are thus consenting together to employ the whole power of the nation for the security of Slavery. Your agreement is substantial. Your difference is merely formal. If you are both right in your views as to the Constitution, then Mr. Phillips is right in his views of political action under it. There is no reason why a slaveholder should not be a candidate for the Presidency, under this Constitution. Such an ostracism as you propose is the height of injustice. You have no right to put men as good as you are, in the eye of the Constitution, thus under the ban of the republic. I hold the argument of Mr. Giddings on this point to be irrefragable; that, assuming it to be right for any one to vote under the present Cunstitution, it is *unconstitutional* to refuse to vote for a man because he is a slaveholder. It is more than *unconstitutional*. It is a breach of faith. A violation of the substantial pledges of the national charter.

You will pardon me, my dear Sir, if the prophetic air you assume in exhorting Mr. Phillips and the Anti-Slavery Whigs to repentance, strikes me as quite as "ludicrous," as "absurd," as farcical, as Mr. Phillips's denunciations of Hannum and Pearson could possibly have appeared to you. I forbear to call to my aid the vulgar, though forcible, illustrations of such a predicament as yours. I will not compare your position to that of Satan rebuking sin, or of the pot calling the kettle black; because they over-illustrate the case, and would imply that I consider it, on both sides, one of more deliberate wickedness than I am willing to attribute to either of you. But, my good Sir, you must not flatter yourself that it is your mission to sit, Jonah-like, under your Third party gourd, and self-righteously testify against the Whig Nineveh; for, lo! you are yourself within the embrace of the accursed walls of the same doomed city with them, involved in a common guilt and a common danger, only to be avoided by repentance and escape.

You think that a death-blow would have been given to American Slavery, had the Faneuil Hall meeting passed the resolution, "NO VOTING FOR SLAVEHOLDERS, NOR FOR THOSE IN POLITICAL FELLOWSHIP WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!" I am inclined to think that this formula, if rightly understood in the legitimate fulness of its meaning, *would* be sufficient to exorcise the evil spirit. For it is equivalent to *refusing to vote at all*, under the present Constitution. Every man who swears to support the Constitution, is, of necessity, in fellowship with slaveholders. Every man that votes under it for another to take that oath, is in fellowship with slaveholders. He makes a new bargain, as Chief Justice Marshall has shown, with slaveholders, every time he goes to the polls, and re-creates the Constitution.

Do not flatter yourself because you have joined yourself to a party that has baptized herself with the name of Liberty, and which gives herself prudish airs of immaculate purity, because she refuses to bestow her favours upon the owners of slaves, that you are in any more true a position than the Whig gentlemen whose inconsistency you lament. It is not the character of the men elected to office, but the nature of the duties imposed upon them by the Constitution, that Slavery looks to for its protection. Mr. Birney would answer its purpose as well as Mr. Polk, if he were true to his oath of office. It matters nothing to the slaveholder whether he holds office personally or by deputy.

Suppose the Third party in the ascendant, (pardon the extravagance of the supposition,) Mr. Birney in the White House, Mr. Leavitt Secretary of State, all the Senatorial chairs of the free States filled by such men as Mr. Smith, and all the seats in the House of the same States occupied by the picked men of the party, what could they all do for the abolition of Slavery? They would have a clear majority of slaveholders in the Senate to defeat every attempt to do what little the Constitution might allow—a majority which it is not to be supposed will ever be suffered to be less than it is now. Should Slavery be in any danger from insurrection, or invasion, or organized *emigration*, setting the masters at defiance, would they refuse to do what was necessary for its protection? Then they would be PERJURED LIARS; and the slave States would justly reproach them with a gross breach of faith in refusing to perform the conditions of a contract, after they had received the honours, emoluments, and power which were the consideration.

The Third party has no better claim to the title of an Anti-Slavery or Liberty party, than either the Whig or Democratic parties, as long as it consents to be bound by the same pro-slavery Constitution with them, if it intend to keep the oath it must take, if successful, to support the compact. If it take the oath, meaning to break it, when the contemplated emergency arises, then there yawns for it a yet lower depth of political and personal profligacy below the lowest deep into which either of the others have ever sunk. The Third party differs in no respect from its rivals except in *size*. It is contending with them for the same loaves and fishes of office, which it must purchase, if at all, at the same price of swearing to support Slavery. It has the same conformation, the same *Constitution*, the same objects of desire, the same means of seeking them, that they have. It differs from them only as the Welsh dwarf did from the Irish giant. Its competition with them is like a scramble between Gulliver and a couple of Brobdingnagians.

You look upon the Faneuil Hall meeting as a farce. If it were a farce as it was managed, it would have been no less a "tragical comedy," had you had the direction of the boards as manager. I think I have shown your receipt for changing the ridiculous into the sublime to be empirical. The real absurdity in the case consisted in its being made to turn upon Captain Hannum's having done what he did without having a scrap of paper in his pocket, signed by the owner of the slave, empowering him to do it? What difference could that make in the matter? All the difference in the world to most of the gentlemen who took part in the meeting,—and to you, too, if you are a consistent supporter of the Constitution,—because it would have made it *constitutional*. The absurdity and the criminality of the audience lay in their willingness, if they were willing, to support a Constitution of government, for certain imaginary advantages to themselves, which provides that this very crime, which had thus aroused their indignation, may be committed under the sanction and with the help of the whole nation, provided *certain technical formalities are complied with!*

Although I could not but be conscious, at the time, of this painful inconsistency which marked that meeting, still I could not regard it as "a farce." There was an element in it to which you do not allude, which was sufficient to redeem it from that epithet of contempt, even if the inconsistent action of its chief men would have made it justly obnoxious to it. *The inconsistency was pointed out to it. The true and only remedy indicated.* Not the shallow, unfair, *unconstitutional*, and impotent one you suggest of "NO VOTING FOR SLAVEHOLDERS," because they are slaveholders; but the honest, manly, just and sufficient one of "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!" The radical truth was rung in the ears of that immense audience, that Massachusetts could only free herself from her guilty complicity with slaveholders, by trampling on the Constitution, and refusing to remain longer in the wicked Union of which it is the bond, vindicating her sovereignty, and unfurling her own standard, in place of the stars and stripes, to whose shadow the fugitive might fly, and be at rest. And when these words were uttered by the pursuasive lips of Wendell Phillips, the vast multitude received them with the stillest attention, alternating with the most enthusiastic acclamations. The mass of the meeting showed itself ripe for much more thorough action than was submitted to it by those who called it. Had the distinct issue of disunion been presented to it, I am confident that a great majority of those thronging thousands would have hailed it with enthusiasm. The revolutionary spirit which predominated there, though it had no opportunity given it for a recorded utterance, was worthy of the old historic days of Faneuil Hall.

You think that Mr. Stephen C. Phillips and the other distinguished Whig gentlemen, for the salvation of whose political souls you evince so laudable a solicitude, "shrink from the bold and revolutionary means which the case demands!" Which bold and revolutionary means you conceive to consist (*risum teneatis?*) in refusing to vote for a certain class of men, whose constitutional eligibility is as good as your own; and who, if chosen, could do no more for the support of Slavery than you yourself would be obliged to do, in their place, if you were faithful to your oath of office. This certainly may be called "Revolution made Easy," and "Boldness adapted to the level of the meanest capacity." I cannot believe that those gentlemen will be in the least frightened from their propriety by the audacity of your proposition. You think that the medicine which you prescribe to them for the cure of the ills that Whiggery is heir to, "is a most offensive and humbling" one. I humbly apprehend that when they see you yourself marked with the plague-spot of the same contagion, they will refuse to take it at your hand. If they be the men of sense and spirit I take them to be, they will answer you in the words of the ancient proverb, "PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF!"

These are indeed times that call for "bold and revolutionary" measures—measures of a very different stamp and scope from those you deem infallible. There is but one remedy for the political and personal guilt of the people of the U.S. towards the American slaves, and that is REVOLUTION!—Revolution, not in *metaphor*, but in FACT! Revolution, that aims at a change, not in the candidates at the polls, but in the fundamental institutions of the Government! A free State can only rid herself of her pro-slavery guilt by cutting the knot of Union that binds her in accursed wedlock to Slavery. An individual can free himself from his share in the iniquity only by refusing to be a component part of the political edifice, made up of "living stones," which is the slave's dungeon of despair. The Constitution sets the foot of every man, who acknowledges its authority, upon the neck of every slave. His first and simplest act of Anti-Slavery duty is, to take it off and keep it off. There can be no true and lasting prosperity, because there can be no innocence for the Free States, as long as they are linked to their natural enemies, by a Constitution which places all political power in those hostile hands. The only hope of the slave, the only safety of the free, lies in THE ABROGATION OF THE PRESENT PRO-SLAVERY CONSTITUTION, AND THE DISSOLUTION OF THE EXISTING SLAVEHOLDING UNION!

To hasten this revolution is the work of the genuine Abolitionist and the true patriot. In this work I would invite you to engage. Let me entreat you not to waste your energies and your time in what you term (somewhat irreverently, as it seems to me) "Bible politics," nor to think it of any moment to the slave, whether this man or that be appointed to hold his chain. Disdain to employ your ingenuity in devising jesuitical evasions, whereby you may keep the word of promise to the ear of the slaveholder, and break it to the hope. Scorn to wrench the Supreme Law from its historical and adjudged meaning, in a vain attempt to save your conscience and your vote. The contract between the North and the South is what the contracting parties meant it to be, and what the courts have adjudged it to mean, and its compromises are to be construed as they were and are understood by those in favour of whom they were made. A man of honour and principle may not attempt "to rail the seal from off his bond," although its consideration was the flesh nearest the heart of his brethren. He cannot be recreant to truth. He may not be recreant to duty. He may not attempt to make the Constitution what it is not; but being what it is, he must withdraw his allegiance and support from it. He may not receive of its blood-money, or partake of its power; but he may and should endeavour to abrogate it, that a more perfect form of government may be established in its stead.

This revolution is now on foot. To carry it on is the only political action in which a man of honour and of self-respect can engage, in this country. It requires sacrifice and toil, but it is sacrifice and toil that reward themselves. I cordially invite you to cast in your lot among us. Give yourself, your talents, and your influence to this revolution, and, to use your own language, "your name will be written in everlasting letters among the names of the saviours of your country!"

I am, very respectfully,
Your friend and obedient servant,
EDMUND QUINCY.

THE RANDOLPH SLAVES.

We have always supposed that Ohio, notwithstanding her black laws and the outrages which have been committed in her territory on coloured people, had a large remnant who abhor her laws and the deeds committed under them. The inhuman measure adopted to prevent the Randolph slaves from settling upon their property, caused a feeling of indignation in every generous bosom; but this event, barbarous as it was, is likely to result in their benefit. A correspondent of the New-York Observer, writing from Piqua, Ohio, speaking of them says:

"When the mob spirit in an adjoining county prevented these unfortunate people settling on the lands purchased for their future homes, the citizens of this town and its vicinity took prompt and vigorous measures to relieve their wants and promote their best interest. At present, about two hundred have a home in different families, and are dispersed over the neighbourhood, engaged in useful labour, and generally doing very well.

Their inhuman treatment by the mob in Mercer county, and their repulsion from their lands, has been evidently over-ruled by Divine Providence for their good; God has caused the wrath of their enemies to promote their welfare. In Virginia, these people had been chiefly employed in the culture of tobacco; they have but little experience and knowledge in the clearing of land, and the necessary labour to be performed in their expected homes.

At present, while engaged in the families of these citizens,—on their farms, and in their shops, they are preparing for future usefulness, and the occupancy of their lands when the way is opened.

I was exceedingly gratified to know the deep interest taken in these much-wronged people, particularly in their intellectual and spiritual welfare. When they arrived, about four hundred in number, few of them could read, they were deplorably ignorant. For their improvement a Sabbath school has been organized, and about one hundred have participated in its advantages, they have generally made rapid progress, many of them are now able to read fluently. Such is their avidity to learn, that during the week days some of them carry their books with them to the place of labour, and whenever an opportunity is found they avail themselves of the instruction of kind friends, old and young. I found this deeply interesting school poorly supplied with books. This difficulty is now removed by a generous donation from the American Sabbath School Union."

From the Bugle.

CONSISTENCY OF WESLEYAN METHODISTS.

It is well known that the Wesleyans left the mother church because they regarded it as a brotherhood of thieves, an organization so pro-slavery that they could not hold Christian fellowship with its members. They profess to draw the line clearly between themselves and pro-slavery sects—they claiming to be an Anti-Slavery Church. But unless we misunderstand their principles, they grossly violated them on a recent occasion, and like some of former days, went down to Egypt for help.

They held a camp meeting this month on the Columbiana circuit, about two miles from the town of Columbiana. The speakers whom they had previously invited to attend did not reach there, and their other calculations so failed that at the first day's meeting there was not a single preacher on the ground. The Wesleyans who had called the meeting were in a quandary, for a camp-meeting without preachers was an anomaly in Church history. The only expedient they could think of, was to invite a Methodist Episcopal priest. True, they had denounced that church as pro-slavery, had refused to remain in Christian fellowship with its members, and owed their very existence as a sect to their war upon it; but all these considerations were lost sight of in the great fact that they had no preachers on the camp-ground. They accordingly applied to M. L. Weekly, a Methodist Episcopal clergyman, residing in Columbiana, who very properly declined the invitation, moved thereto, perhaps, by the hostile position in which the Wesleyans stood. On the fourth day of the meeting they invited brother Burt, a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal connection, to lend them a helping hand. Their case was truly a desperate one, for although they had by that time obtained one or two preachers of their own denomination, yet more preachers were needed. Brother Burt accepted the invitation, and the strange sight was presented, of a Methodist Episcopal minister preaching, *by invitation*, from a Wesleyan pulpit! It may be that some of the Wesleyans were short-sighted enough to suppose they were using him to build up and strengthen their denominational towers, not dreaming that the very opposite was true, that the course they were pursuing was destroying their character for sincerity and truth. After the Methodist Episcopal preacher was through, brother Savage, the Wesleyan preacher in charge alluded to him as "our good brother."

"Lo, what an entertaining sight
Are brethren who agree."

Is this the character of Wesleyan Methodism in Ohio? Is this the kind of Wesleyanism you have in Cleveland, friend Walker?

ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE—GREAT MEETING.

Edinburgh.—"A public meeting assembled in Brighton street church," says the Edinburgh Chronicle, "on Wednesday evening, to hear those distinguished Abolitionists, Messrs. George Thompson, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and Frederick Douglass, on the subject of American Slavery, in relation to the Free Church of Scotland and the recent doings of the Evangelical Alliance. On the same occasion, a testimonial was presented from the Anti-Slavery ladies of Edinburgh to Mr. Garrison, as an acknowledgment of his long and tried services in the cause of American abolition. Long before the hour of meeting, the large church was crowded to overflowing by a highly respectable audience, the majority of whom were ladies, who seemed to be deeply interested in the whole proceedings. John Wigham, Esq. was called to the chair, and was supported by a number of distinguished citizens, long known as friends of the slave.

The Chairman, in the name of the Anti-Slavery ladies of Edinburgh, presented Mr. Garrison with an elegant silver tea-service, consisting of tea-pot, coffee-pot, cream-pot, sugar-basin, &c. and also a purse containing ten sovereigns. On the coffee-pot was engraved the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, Boston, United States, by the friends of freedom in Edinburgh, as an expression of their gratitude for his unwearied and successful exertions in the cause of Slavery, and for his labours in exposing the cruelty and wickedness of slave-owners." On the tea-pot were inscribed the 12th and 13th verses of the 29th chapter of Job. Mr. Garrison, in returning thanks, said, that he would have been entirely unwilling to accept these generous gifts, were it not for the peculiar circumstances in which he was now placed on both sides of the Atlantic; and if the enemies of freedom were not endeavouring to edge up his way, and to cover him with popular odium, for the purpose of protecting the slave system He would receive them, because to him they were a testimony and a proof that many others of his associates in the Anti-Slavery cause were more worthy to receive them than himself, and because they would be a reply to the aspersions cast upon his character. He would take them, because he wanted the slaveholders, the Abolitionists, and the coloured population of America, to see them. Mr. Garrison concluded by saying, that if ever, in an evil hour, he proved treacherous to the cause of freedom, the gif

matter, the rights of property are to be sacredly respected;—some mode adopted to satisfy them, that our intentions are honest;—some evidence given that we act under a conscientious conviction that on it depends the quiet and duration of the Union.

The determination of a Southern confederacy to force Texas upon us, at *all hazards*, is known,—so is the present condition of that territory, and the state of the negotiation in England relative to their slaves,—and any attempt to increase the slave power among us, and to perpetuate Slavery, will be opposed *at equal hazard*, as well on the score of humanity as interest.

To avoid the inevitable result of an open outbreak, it is necessary that there should be a united action in the free States, with the adoption of some great principle which shall unite us all.

In this view the enclosed principles are framed. They are independent of party, and leave every one free to act on all minor questions—being united only in this—*that from and after* 1850, *every child born in the United States must be born free.* This great object we earnestly seek to obtain in a reasonable way, and upon principles of right and justice. We would manage it, if possible, so as to gain the approbation of those most interested, and be prepared to meet them on terms of mutual concession for common preservation. Compensation must be made for every emancipated slave, and an obnoxious feature in the Constitution removed. But it is not necessary, in atempting this, to touch the argument that a certain interpretation of that instrument would perpetuate Slavery to all generations unborn, nor to show that by such an assumption of construction, *the State of Virginia*, and her Southern neighbours—while the traffic is expressly forbidden elsewhere—are virtually made *another Africa* for the supply of slaves, and have a monopoly of the trade. Such irritating topics may be put at rest. It is best to appeal to the interest of the slaveholder to convince him. It is proposed that he should be paid for every slave that is emancipated, and that he have the labour *during their lives*,, of such as are not purchased. He is, in fact, deprived of nothing which has existence, or in which he can have property. No pecuniary sacrifice is exacted—the expense of the infancy of children being paid by indenture with their mothers, who, being purchased and made free, may bind them to labour, as we bind our apprentices—and an honourable opportunity is thus offered to the slaveholder to test the honesty of *his* Democratic principles, and *his* regard for human rights, without danger and without loss. The moral tone of the slave is raised by the brighter future, and parent slaves are induced to behave well, and to work hard, in the knowledge that their children will be free; all tending to the benefit of the owner.

No proposition like the present has ever yet been made to the South, nor remuneration in any shape offered. Let us try it in the spirit of conciliation, to save them and ourselves from a great, a common, and an impending calamity.

These views I have strongly urged, and I have endeavoured to impress on the minds of our friends the necessity of uniting on the subject of compensation, for the sake of union, happiness, and peace.

With the highest respect, I have the honour to be

Your obedient humble servant,

DAVID SEARS.

Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, Washington.

Principles alluded to in the foregoing Letter.

1. That commissioners be appointed by the President of the United States, and confirmed by the Senate, whose duty it shall be—under such conditions as Congress may determine—to purchase and emancipate slaves—being women and children—*born prior* to 1850, and held bound to service by any citizen of the United States, within such States of this Union, as have not yet abolished Slavery; and that annual appropriations be made by Congress for this purpose.

2. That from and after July, 1850, there shall be throughout the United States, *no hereditary Slavery.* But that on and after that date, *every child* born within the United States of America, their jurisdiction and territories, *shall be born free.*

From the Liberator.

REPLY OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS TO DR. COX.

SALISBURY ROAD, EDINBURGH, Oct. 30, 1846.

Samuel Hanson Cox, D. D.:

SIR—I have two objects in addressing you at this time. The first is, to deny certain charges, and to correct certain injurious statements, recently made by yourself, respecting my conduct at a meeting of the "World's Temperance Convention," held in Covent Garden Theatre, London, in the month of August, last. My second object will be to review so much of your course as relates to the Anti-Slavery question, during your recent tour through Great Britain and a part of Ireland. There are times when it would evince a ridiculous sensibility to the good or evil opinions of men, and when it would be a wasteful expenditure of thought, time, and strength, for one in my circumstances to reply to attacks made by those who hate me more bitterly than the cause of which I am an humble advocate. While all this is quite true, it is equally true, that there are times when it is quite proper to make such replies; and especially so, when to defend one's self is to defend great and vital principles, the vindication of which is essential to the triumph of righteousness throughout the world.

Sir, I deem it neither arrogant nor presumptuous to assume to represent three millions of my brethren, who are, while I am penning these words, in chains and Slavery on the American soil, the boasted land of liberty and light. I have been one with them in their sorrow and suffering—one with them in their ignorance and degradation—one with them under the burning sun and the slave-driver's bloody lash—and am at this moment freed from those horrible inflictions, only because the laws of England are commensurate with freedom, and do not permit the American man-stealer, whose Christianity you endorse, to lay his foul clutch upon me, while upon British soil. Being thus so completely identified with the slaves, I may assume that an attack upon me is an attack upon them—and especially so, when the attack is obviously made, as in the present instance, with a view to injure me in the advocacy of their cause. I am resolved that their cause shall not suffer through any misrepresentations of my conduct, which evil-minded men, in high or low places, may resort to, while I have the ability to set myself right before the public. As much as I hate American Slavery, and as much as I abominate the infernal spirit which in that land seems to pervade both Church and State, there are bright spots there which I love, and a large and greatly increasing population, whose good opinion I highly value, and which I am determined never to forfeit, while it can be maintained consistently with truth and justice.

Sir, in replying to you, and in singling out the conduct of one of your age, reputation, and learning, I should, in most cases, deem an apology necessary—I should approach such an one with great delicacy and guardedness of language. But, in this instance, I feel entirely relieved from all such necessity. The obligations of courtesy, which I should otherwise be forward to discharge to persons of your age and standing, I am absolved from by your obviously bitter and malignant attack. I come, therefore, without any further hesitancy to the subject.

In a letter from London to the New-York Evangelist, describing the great meeting at Covent Garden Theatre, you say:

"They all advocated the same cause, showed a glorious unity of thought and feeling, and the effect was constantly raised—the moral scene was superb and glorious—when Frederick Douglass, the colored abolition agitator and ultraist, came to the platform, and so spoke *a la mode*, as to ruin the influence, almost, of all that preceded! He lugged in Anti-Slavery, or abolition, no doubt prompted to it by some of the politic ones, who can use him to do what they would not themselves adventure to do in person. He is supposed to have been well paid for the abomination.

"What a perversion, an abuse, an iniquity against the law of reciprocal righteousness, to call thousands together to get them, some certain ones, to seem conspicuous and devoted for one sole and grand object, and then, all at once, with obliquity, open an avalanche on them for some imputed evil or monstrosity, for which, whatever be the wound or injury inflicted, they were both too fatigued and too hurried with surprise, and too straitened for time to be properly prepared. I say it is a trick of meanness! It is abominable!

"On this occasion Mr. Douglass allowed himself to denounce America and all its temperance societies together, as a grinding community and the enemies of his people; said evil, with no alloy of good, concerning the whole of us; was perfectly indiscriminate in his severities, talked of the American delegates, and to them, as if he had been our schoolmaster, and we his docile and devoted pupils; and launched his revengeful missiles at our country, without one palliative, as if not a Christian or a true Anti-Slavery man lived in the whole of the United States. The fact is, the man has been petted, and flattered, and used, and paid by certain Abolitionists not unknown to us, of the *ne plus ultra* stamp, till he forgets himself; and though he may gratify his own impulses, and those of old Adam in others, yet sore I am that all this is just the way to ruin his influence, to defeat his object, and to do mischief, not good, to the very cause he professes to love. With the single exception of one cold-hearted patricide, whose character I abhor, and who has, I fear, no true patriotism or piety within him, all the delegates from our country were together wounded and indignant. No wonder at it! I write freely. It was not done in a corner. It was inspired, I believe, from beneath, and not from above. It was adapted to re-kindle, on both sides of the Atlantic, the flames of national exasperation and war. And this is the game which Mr. Frederick Douglass and his silly patrons are playing in England and in Scotland, and wherever they can find 'some mischief still for idle hands to do'! I came here his sympathizing friend—I am so no more, as I more know him.

"My own opinion is increasingly that this abominable spirit must be exoreised out of England and America, before any substantial good can be effected for the cause of the slave. It is adapted only to make bad worse, and to inflame the passions of indignant millions to an incurable resentment. None but an ignoramus or a madman could think that this way was that of the inspired apostles of the Son of God. It may gratify the feelings of a self-deceived and malignant few, but it will do no good in any direction—least of all to the poor slave! It is short-sighted, impulsive, partisan, reckless, and tending only to sanguinary ends. None of this, with men of sense and principle.

"We all wanted to reply, but it was too late; the whole theatre seemed taken with the spirit of the Ephesian uproar; they were furious and boisterous in the extreme; and Mr. Kirk could hardly obtain a moment, though many were desirous in his behalf, to say a few words, as he did, very calmly and properly, that the cause of temperance was not at all responsible for Slavery, and had no connection with it. There were some sly agencies behind the scenes—we know!"

Now, the motive for representing, in this connection, "the effect constantly raised," the "moral scene sublime and glorious," is very apparent. It is obviously, not so much to do justice to the scene, as to magnify my assumed offence. You have drawn an exceedingly beautiful picture, that you might represent me as marring and defacing its beauty, in the hope thereby to kindle against me the fury of its admirers.

"Frederick Douglass, the coloured Abolitionist and ultraist, came to the platform." Well, Sir, what if I did come to the platform? How did I come to it? Did I come with or without the consent of the meeting? Had your love of truth equalled your desire to cover me with odium, you would have said, that after loud and repeated calls from the audience, and a very pressing invitation from the chairman, "Frederick Douglass came to the platform." But, Sir, this would not have served your purpose—that being to make me out an intruder, one without the wedding garment, fit to be cast out among the unbidden and unprepared. This might do very well in America, where for a negro to stand upon a temperance platform, on terms of perfect equality with white persons, it would be regarded as an insolent assumption, not to be borne with; but, Sir, it is scarcely necessary to say, that it will not serve your purpose in England. It is now pretty well known throughout the world that colour is no crime in England, and it is becoming almost equally known, that colour is treated as a crime in America. "*Frederick Douglass, the coloured abolition agitator and ultraist, came to the platform!*" Shocking! How could democratic Americans sit calmly by, and behold such a flagrant violation of one of the most cherished American customs—this most unnatural amalgamation! Was it not an aggravating and intolerable insult, to allow a negro to stand upon a platform, on terms of perfect equality with pure white American *gentlemen!* Monarchical England should be taught better manners; she should know that democratic America has the sole prerogative of deciding what shall be the social and civil position of the coloured race. But, sarcasm aside, Sir, you claim to be a Christian, a philanthropist, and an Abolitionist. Were you truly entitled to any one of these names, you would have been delighted at seeing one of Afric's despised children cordially received, and warmly welcomed, to a world's temperance platform, and in every way, treated as a man and a brother. But the truth probably is, that you felt both yourself and your country severely rebuked by my presence there; and, because this, it was undoubtedly painful to you to be placed on the same platform, on a level with a negro, a fugitive slave. I do not assert this positively—it may not be quite true. But if it be true, I sincerely pity your littleness of soul.

You sneeringly call me an "*abolition agitator and ultraist.*" Sir, I regard this as a compliment, though you intend it as a condemnation. My only fear is, that I am unworthy of those epithets. To be an abolition agitator, is simply to be one, who dares to think for himself—who goes beyond the mass of mankind in promoting the cause of righteousness—who honestly and earnestly speaks out his soul's conviction, regardless of the smiles or frowns of men—leaving the pure flame of truth to burn up whatever hay, wood, and stubble, it may find in its way. To be such an one, is the deepest and sincerest wish of my heart. It is a part of my daily prayer to God, that he will raise up and send forth more to unmask a pro-slavery Church, and to rebuke a man-stealing ministry—to rock the land with agitation, and give America no peace till she repent, and be thoroughly purged of this monstrous iniquity. While Heaven lends me health and strength, and intellectual ability, I shall devote myself to this agitation; and I believe that by so acting, I shall secure the smiles of an approving God, and the grateful approbation of my down-trodden and long-abused fellow countrymen. With these on my side, of course I ought not to be disturbed by your displeasure; nor am I disturbed. I speak now in vindication of my cause, caring very little for your good or ill opinion.

You say I spoke so as to ruin the influence of all that had preceded! My speech, then, must have been very powerful; for I had been preceded by yourself, and some ten or twelve others, all powerful advocates of the temperance cause, some of them the most so of any I ever heard. But I half fear my speech was not so powerful as you seem to imagine. It is barely possible that you have fallen into a mistake, quite common to persons of your turn of mind,—that of confounding your own pride with the cause you may happen to plead. I think you will, upon reflection, confess that I have now hit upon a happy solution of the difficulty. As I look back to that occasion, I remember certain facts, which seem to confirm me in this view of the case. You had eulogized in no measured or qualified terms, America and American temperance societies; and in this, your co-delegates were not a whit behind you. Is it not possible that the applause, following each brilliant climax of your fulsome panegyric, made you feel the moral effect raised, and the scene superb and glorious? I am not unaware of the effect of such demonstrations; it is very intoxicating, very inflating. Now, Sir, I should be very sorry, and I would make any amends within my power, if I supposed I had really committed the "*abomination*" of which you accuse me. The temperance cause is dear to me. I love it for myself, and for the black man, as well as for the white man. I have laboured both in England and America, to promote the cause, and am ready still to labour; and I should grieve to think of any act of mine, which would inflict the slightest injury upon the cause. But I am satisfied that no such injury was inflicted. No, Sir, it was not the poor bloated drunkard, who was "*ruined*" by my speech, but your own bloated pride, as I shall presently show—as I mean to take up your letter in the order in which it is written, and reply to each part of it.

You say I lugged in Anti-Slavery, or abolition. Of course, you meant by this to produce the impression, that I introduced the subject illegitimately. If such were your intention, it is an impression utterly at variance with the truth. I said nothing, on the occasion referred to, which in fairness can be construed into an outrage upon propriety, or something foreign to the temperance platform—and especially a "world's temperance platform." The meeting at Covent Garden was not a *white* temperance meeting, such as are held in the United States, but a "world's temperance meeting," embracing the black as well as the white part of the creation—practically carrying out the scriptural declaration, that "God has made of one blood, all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth." It was a meeting for promoting temperance throughout the world. All nations had a right to be represented there; and each speaker had a right to make known to that body, the peculiar difficulties which lay in the way of the temperance reformation, in his own particular locality. In that Convention, and upon that platform, I was the recognized representative of the coloured population of the United States; and to their cause I was bound to be faithful. It would have been quite easy for me to have made a speech upon the general question of temperance, carefully excluding all reference to my enslaved, neglected, and persecuted brethren in America, and thereby secured your applause;—but to have pursued such a course, would have been selling my birthright for a mess of pottage,—would have been to play the part of Judas, a part which even you profess to loathe and detest. Sir, let me explain the motive which animated me, in speaking as I did at Covent Garden Theatre. As I stood upon that platform, and surveyed the deep depression of the coloured people of America, and the treatment uniformly adopted, by white temperance societies, towards them—the impediments and absolute barriers thrown in the way of their moral and social improvement, by American Slavery, and by an inveterate prejudice against them, on account of their colour—and beheld them in rags and wretchedness, in fetters and chains, left to be devoured by intemperance and kindred vices—and Slavery, like a very demon, standing directly in the way of their reformation, as with a drawn sword, ready to smite down any who might approach for their deliverance—and found myself in a position where I could rebuke this evil spirit, where my words would be borne to the shores of America, upon the enthusiastic shouts of congregated thousands—I deemed it my duty to embrace the opportunity. In the language of John Knox, "I was in the place where I was demanded of conscience to speak with truth—and the truth I *did* speak—impugn it who so list." But, in so doing, I spoke perfectly in order, and in such a manner as no one, having a sincere interest in the cause of temperance, could take offence at—as I shall show by reporting, in another part of this letter, my speech as delivered on that occasion.

"He was, no doubt, prompted to do it by some of the politic ones, who can use him to do what they themselves would not venture to do in person." The right or wrong of obeying the prompting of another depends upon the character of the thing to be done. If the thing be right, I should do it, no matter by whom prompted; if wrong, I should refrain from it, no matter by whom commanded. In the present instance, I was prompted by no one—I acted entirely upon my own responsibility. If, therefore, blame is to fall anywhere, it should fall upon me.

"He is supposed to have been well paid for the abomination." This, Sir, is a cowardly way of stating your own conjecture. I should be pleased to have you tell me, what harm there is in being well paid! Is not the labourer worthy of his hire? Do you preach without pay? Were you not paid by those who sent you to represent them in the World's Temperance Convention? There is not the slightest doubt that you were paid—and *well paid.* The only difference between us, in the matter of pay, is simply this—you were paid, and I was not. I can, with a clear conscience, affirm, that, so far from having been well paid, as you suppose, I never received a single farthing for my attendance—or for any word which I uttered on the occasion referred to—while you were, in all probability, well supported, "well paid," for all you did during your attendance. My visit to London was at my own cost. I mention this, not because I blame you for taking pay, or because I regard as specially meritorious my attending the meeting without pay; for I should probably have taken pay as readily as you did, had it been offered; but it was not offered, and therefore I got none.

You stigmatize my speech as an "abomination"; but you take good care to suppress every word of the speech itself. There can be but one motive for this, and that motive obviously is, because there was nothing in the speech which, standing alone, would inspire others with the bitter malignity against me, which unhappily rankles in your own bosom.

Now, Sir, to show the public how much reliance ought to be placed on your statements, and what estimate they should form of your love of truth and Christian candour, I will give the substance of my speech at Covent Garden Theatre, and the circumstances attending and growing out of its delivery. As "the thing was not done in a corner," I can with safety appeal to the FIVE THOUSAND that heard the speech, for the substantial correctness of my report of it. It was as follows:—

"Mr. Chairman—Ladies and Gentlemen—I am not a delegate to his Convention. Those who would have been most likely to elect me as a delegate, could not, because they are to-night held in the most abject Slavery in the United States. Sir, I regret that I cannot fully unite with the American delegates, in their patriotic eulogies of America, and American temperance societies. I cannot do so, for this good reason—there are, at this moment, three millions of the American population, by Slavery and prejudice, placed entirely beyond the pale of American temperance societies. The three million slaves are completely excluded by Slavery—and four hundred thousand free coloured people are almost as completely excluded by an inveterate prejudice against them, on account of their colour. (Cries of shame! shame!)

"I do not say these things to wound the feelings of the American delegates. I simply mention them in their presence, and before this audience, that, seeing how you regard this hatred and neglect of the coloured people, they may be inclined, on their return home, to enlarge the field of their temperance operations, and embrace within the scope of their influence, my long neglected race—(great cheering and some confusion on the platform.) Sir, to give you some idea of the difficulties and obstacles in the way of the temperance reformation of the coloured population in the United States, allow me to state a few facts. About the year 1840, a few intelligent, sober, and benevolent coloured gentlemen in Philadelphia, being acquainted with the appalling ravages of intemperance among a numerous class of coloured people in that city, and finding themselves neglected and excluded from white societies, organized societies among themselves—appointed committees—sent out agents—built temperance halls, and were earnestly and successfully rescuing many from the fangs of intemperance.

"The cause went nobly on till the 1st of August, 1842, the day when England gave liberty to eight hundred thousand souls in the West Indies. The coloured temperance societies selected this day to march in procession through the city, in the hope that such a demonstration would have the effect of bringing others into their ranks. They formed their procession, unfurled their teetotal banners, and proceeded to the accomplishment of their purpose. It was a delightful sight. But, Sir, they had not proceeded down two streets, before they were brutally assailed by a ruthless mob—their banner was torn down, and trampled in the dust—their ranks broken up, their persons beaten, and pelted with stones and brickbats.—One of their churches was burned to the ground, and their best temperance hall utterly demolished." Shame! shame! shame! from the audience—great confusion and cries of "sit down," from the American delegates on the platform.

In the midst of this commotion, the chairman tapped me on the shoulder, and whispering, informed me that the fifteen minutes allotted to each speaker had expired; whereupon the vast audience simultaneously shouted—"Don't interrupt! don't dictate! go on! go on! Douglass! Douglass!!" This continued several minutes; after which, I proceeded as follows:—

"Kind friends, I beg to assure you that the chairman has not, in the slightest degree, sought to alter any sentiment which I am anxious to express on the present occasion. He was simply reminding me, that the time allotted for me to speak had expired. I do not wish to occupy one moment more than is allotted to other speakers. Thanking you for your kind indulgence, I will take my seat."

Proceeding to do so, again there were loud cries of "go on! go on!" with which I complied, for a few moments, but without saying anything more that particularly related to the coloured people of America.

When I sat down, the Rev. Mr. Kirk, of Boston, rose, and said—"Frederick Douglass has unintentionally misrepresented the temperance societies of America. I am afraid that his remarks have produced the impression on the public mind, that the temperance societies *support* Slavery—("No! no! no! no!!" shouted the audience.) If that be not the impression produced, I have nothing more to say."

Now, Dr. Cox, this is a fair, unvarnished story of what took place at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 7th of August, 1846. For the truth of it, I appeal to all the temperance papers in the land, and the "Journal of the American Union," published at New-York, Oct. 1, 1846. With this statement, I might safely submit the whole question to both the American and British public; but I wish not merely to correct your misrepresentations, and expose your falsehoods, but to show that you are animated by a fierce, bitter, and untruthful spirit toward the whole Anti-Slavery movement.

And for this purpose, I shall now proceed to copy and comment upon extracts from your letter to the New-York Evangelist. In that letter, you exclaim, respecting the foregoing speech, delivered by me, every word of which you take pains to omit: "What a perversion, an abuse, an iniquity against the reciprocal law of righteousness, to call thousands together, and get them, some certain ones, to seem conspicuous and devoted for one sole and grand object, and then, all at once, with obliquity, open an avalanche on them for some imputed evil or monstrosity, for which, whatever be the wound or the injury inflicted, they were both too fatigued and too hurried with surprise, and too straitened for time, to be properly prepared. I say it is a trick of meanness! It is abominable!"

As to the "perversion," "abuse" "iniquity against the law of reciprocal righteousness," "obliquity," "a trick of meanness," "abominable,"—not one word is necessary to show their inappropriateness, as applied to myself, and the speech in question, or to make more glaringly apparent the green and poisonous venom with which your mouth, if not your heart, is filled. You represent me as opening "an avalanche upon you for some *imputed* evil or monstrosity." And is Slavery only an *imputed* evil? Now, suppose I had lugged in Anti-Slavery, (which I deny,)—you profess to be an Abolitionist. You, therefore, ought to have been the last man in the world to have found fault with me, on that account. Your great love of liberty, and sympathy for the down-trodden slave, ought to have led you to "pardon something to the spirit of Liberty," especially in one who had the scars of the slave-driver's whip on his back, and who, at this moment, has four sisters and one brother in slavery. But, Sir, you are not an Abolitionist, and you only assumed to be one during your recent tour in this country, that you might *sham* your way through this land, and the more effectually stab and blast the character of the real friends of emancipation. Who ever heard of a true Abolitionist speaking of Slavery as an "imputed evil," or complaining of being "wounded and injured" by an allusion to it—and that, too, because that allusion was in opposition to the infernal system? You took no offence when the Rev. Mr. Kirk assumed the Christian name and character for slaveholders in the World's Temperance Convention. You were not "wounded or injured," it was not a "perversion, an abuse, an iniquity against the reciprocal law of righteousness." You have no indignation to pour out upon him. Oh, no! But when a *fugitive slave* merely alluded to Slavery, as obstructing the moral and social improvement of my race, you were "wounded and injured," and rendered indignant! This, Sir, tells the whole story of your abolitionism, and stamps your pretensions to abolition as brazen hypocrisy or self-deception.

You were "too fatigued, too hurried by surprise, too straitened for time." Why, Sir, you were in "an unhappy predicament." What would you have done, had you not been "too fatigued, too hurried by surprise, too straitened for time," and unprepared? Would you have denied a single statement in my address? I am persuaded you would not; and had you dared to do so, I could at once have given evidence in support of my statements, that would have put you to silence or to shame. My statements were in perfect accordance with historical facts—facts of so recent date, that they are fresh in the memory of every intelligent American. You knew I spoke truly of the strength of American prejudice against the coloured people. No man knows the truth on this subject better than yourself. I am, therefore, filled with amazement that you should seem to deny, instead of confirming my statements.

Much more might be said on this point; but having already extended this letter to a much greater length than I had intended, I shall simply conclude by a reference to your remark respecting your professed sympathy and friendship for me, previous to the meeting at Covent Garden. If your friendship and sympathy be of so mutable a character as must be inferred from your sudden abandonment of them, I may expect that yet another change will return to me the lost treasure. At all events, I do not deem it of sufficient value to purchase it at so high a price as that of the abandonment of the cause of my coloured brethren, which appears to be the condition you impose upon its continuance.

Very faithfully,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 3, 1846.

The Evangelical Alliance and the British Religious Press.

It is most cheering to every American Abolitionist to see how extensively the lately-formed "Evangelical Alliance" is rebuked, by the British religious press, for its weakness and treachery in the question of American Slavery. The London *Patriot*, the organ of the orthodox Dissenters, has very emphatically expressed this rebuke, as our readers are perhaps already aware, declaring that the Alliance, first by their faint-hearted censure of slaveholding, and next by their withdrawal from even this position, had "trifled with the subject of Slavery," and "had made fools of themselves," (adopting this latter expression from language used by Sir Culling Smith, chairman of the Alliance,) and confessing that it "cannot understand how any Anti-Slavery man can remain a member of this so-called Evangelical Alliance." The *orthodox* papers in America will doubtless be careful not to enlighten their readers as to this state of the public mind abroad; they will, too, be slow to let them know of the terrible rebuke which not only the journals, but a host of the best men of British orthodoxy, administered to the Alliance, in the great meeting of September 14th, at Exeter Hall, at which Rev. JOHN BURNETT, "whose name," says the *Patriot*, "is a security for candour and impartiality," presided.

The London *Inquirer*, an upright and independent journal, one of the principal organs of the Unitarian Dissenters, thus speaks of the course of the Alliance on this subject. "The question merges in that, whether Slavery is or is not *a crime*,—whether it is or is not consistent with Christianity—with its precepts fairly applied, its spirit properly carried out. The Evangelical Alliance professes to be an assembly of Christians. Had any notorious criminal, or profligate, presented himself for admission, he would unquestionably have been told that he had no business there, although the rules contain no specific reference to his conduct; what is contended is, simply, that no offence against Christian morals is more certain than slaveholding,—that the encouragement or indulgence of no crime is more injurious to Christianity than that of slaveholding; and, therefore, that a Christian assembly, which saw any danger of slaveholders or their friends intruding into it, is bound to take measures for keeping itself uncontaminated.

"We regret to be called upon to give the opinion that the resolution first sanctioned by the Evangelical Alliance, in relation to Slavery, namely, the words—'And in respect, especially to the system of Slavery, and every other form of oppression, in any country, the Alliance are unanimous in deploring them, as in many ways obstructing the progress of the Gospel; and express their confidence, that no branch will admit to membership slaveholders, who, by their own fault, continue in that position, retaining their fellow-men in Slavery, from regard to their own interests,'—can be accounted no better than a mean compromise, and an unprincipled suppression of the truth upon the subject; and that the withdrawal of even this, when found to be offensive to the Americans, was a sacrifice of the moral influence of Christianity to a show of union, for which no justification can possibly be offered."

The London *Nonconformist*, another journal of the orthodox Dissenters, and mainly devoted (if we mistake not) to the work of sundering the union between the Government and the Church of England, transfers to its columns the above paragraphs from the *Inquirer*, expressing its entire and hearty concurrence.

Such are some of the testimonies of the British religious public, against the pro-slavery course and attitude of the Alliance. It is safe to say that its power for evil is greatly crippled by the faithful exposure which has been made of it in the very scenes of its origin; and as to its power for good, it must undergo a thorough transformation, before it can be suspected of any tendencies that way. We need not be prophets to predict the verdict of guilty which will be brought against it, by every responsible moral and religious authority, on the other side of the water, which shall adjudicate the case;—unless the Scotch Free Church prove an exception; a fellow-feeling there may make them "wondrous kind."

Oh! what an opportunity, in the providence of God, was given to that assembly of one thousand and more professed ministers of the Gospel of God, brought together with much effort and sacrifice from all parts of Europe and America, to utter a testimony, touching the great wrongs of humanity, which should have gone sounding on, over the sea, and through every land, pagan and Christian, and been echoed and re-echoed from the hearts of thousands, nay, millions, of suffering, bleeding, and helpless ones. Alas! that that opportunity, such as this generation will probably not again witness, should have been so servilely and basely thrown away; nay that to the enemies of Christianity, such "occasion to blaspheme" should have been given, as the hypocrisy of this mis-called Evangelical Alliance affords! Met together avowedly to organize a resistless attack upon the Romish Church, (which they pretend to regard as Anti-Christ) they have only exhibited themselves in a woful and humiliating contrast with it; calling the world to witness how the allied hosts of Protestantism, in the great moral warfare of the age, are put to shame and dishonour, by their moral inability to lift up, and go forward under even that standard of right and freedom to which the Catholic Pope, years ago, summoned his adherents. May the eyes and hearts of these unfaithful servants be opened, before their day of repentance has gone forever, to the wrong they have done to the slave, and to Him whom they called Master and Lord, yet crucified afresh in their solemn gathering,—that they may bring forth works meet for repentance, and by a devout self-consecration to the work of Christian mercy, atone for the great wickedness they have done.—S. M.

Upon the following extract from an article in a leading Georgia paper, called the *Federal Union*, the *National Intelligencer* bestows two and a half columns to prove that the motives here betrayed are not those of the South generally, and if, of any portion of her people, only of a party cabal. Nevertheless, all that the Intelligencer need have said about it is in its following half dozen lines. We hope that every lecturing agent in the country will be careful to read the two together in every meeting of the people that they address. Here is a bold and open avowal of the policy of the slaveholding power, and an awkward attempt, from a more cautious and timid partisan, to conceal that policy. At the South, there is but one party—the slave party—when Slavery is concerned, by whatever names they may be distinguished on ordinary questions. The Intelligencer says:

"From this article—than which we have rarely met with one *more remarkable for its mal-address, its perilous betrayal of just what should have been concealed and hardly whispered in the darkest and closest counsels of a party cabal*, in order that it might not ruin those entertaining such purposes—we extract the following:

"The Whigs of the North oppose the war because its legitimate effect is, as they contend, the extension of Southern territory and of Southern Slavery. It is true, this is a war in which the South is more immediately interested. Its vast expenditure must be made within her limits. During its continuance, New-York, the great emporium of commerce, must be shorn in part of her greatness. Exchange, usually in her favor, must now be reversed and in favor of New Orleans, where the supplies are furnished for the army. But what force is there in these objections to the mind of a Southern Whig? The time has been when he has complained that he knew his Government only by its exactions. If its expenditures are now made in his own vicinity, has not the time arrived when he may know it from the benefits it confers? Does he not know, too, that every battle fought in Mexico, and every dollar expended there, must tell upon the acquisition of territory which will widen the field of Southern enterprise and extend the domain of Southern power? Does he not perceive that the result of this war will be to secure to the South the balance of power in the Confederacy, and, for all coming time, to give to her the control in the operations of the Government? Yes, let the South now be true to herself, and the days of her vassalage ARE GONE, AND GONE FOREVER."

The Young Whigs.

We applied to a part of the Whig party of Massachusetts last summer, a term which was deemed objectionable, for lack of a better one to express our opinion of their real merits, formed from a distant view of their actions, and not from any personal knowledge of them as individuals. Being assured afterwards that we had judged too hastily and harshly, we apologized for our rudeness. But we have looked more closely at the party since, and are compelled to revert to our first opinion. We have generally found that politicians have been quite as good as they have professed to be, for they are men of the world, bold dashing adventurers who seek nothing but their own present advancement, and have the grace not to profess to aim at anything higher. The clap trap of political harangues about love of country, lofty feelings, and ardent patriotism, is understood to mean nothing at all, and no man was ever so simple as to pretend to be deceived by it. They are expressions, like the God bless you, of the pious, or the curse you of the profane; mere looseness of language and not the embodiments of thought and feeling. Some words come from the heart, some from the head, and some from the stomach, but the slang of politicians comes from the tongue, and goes no farther than the ears. But when a part of the Boston Whigs came out with a new language of their own, called themselves independents, and professed to hold the acts of their party in abhorrence, we had a right to believe them. We were not prepared by any past experience to put a true value upon their words, and therefore took them at their seeming worth. It was when we thought that we had been deceived that in our haste we made use of the approbrious epithet referred to. If these men could not vote for Mr. Winthrop, how could they vote for Governor Briggs? and if they were "conscience Whigs," how could they vote at all? We cannot conceive of such accommodating consciences. We censure no man for his opinions, we have in our time got rid of too many bad ones, for that; but we have a right to censure men for not acting consistently with their professions and their intelligence. The Young Whigs in Massachusetts were placed in trying circumstances at the last election, but we were grieved to see that they did not stand their trial with much honor to themselves. The tide of fortune will never again afford them so distinguished an opportunity to rise up in moral grandeur before the eyes of the world. We had built our hopes upon them and were grievously dissappointed. They acted with a strange ignorance of political tactics. Their conduct severed them from their old party associates, and yet they would cling to them, as if afraid of being left to their own discretion. For old political hacks suddenly to give up all their associates, renounce all hope of political distinction, and enrol themselves among a contemned set who hope for no other rewards than such as may be gathered in the pursuit of truth, is a violent change we know, but when men see that it must be made our respect for them is unavoidably lessened by seeing them shilly-shallying and striving to delay it until the last moment. Performance of duty in a case like this should follow conviction as quickly as the report of a gun follow the flash in the pan. There are but two alternatives for the Young Whigs; they must either go back into the ranks which they have left, and shut their mouths, or they must join the Abolitionists and enjoy a liberty which they have never yet tasted. Here they may be freemen, but there they must be slaves. As for Independent Whigs, the idea is wild and visionary in the extreme; if they are Whigs at all they are Whigs indeed, and nothing else.

The admirable letter of Mr. Quincy in a late Liberator, addressed to Gerrit Smith, may be read with propriety by the Young Whigs; it is exactly fitted to this case, and although it is written in reply to a letter sent to Mr. Phillips, it will serve as aptly for an address to him and his coadjutors. It is a clear, honourable, and manly statement of most important truths, and if Mr. Smith or the Independent Whigs have any answer for it we shall be very glad to see it.—B.

An Impostor.

There is a coloured young man in this city representing himself to be a slave, against whom we wish to warn the public. He is an impostor. He has been in the care of our friends, for two or three days within a fortnight, and his story sifted to the bottom. Convinced at last that further attempt at deception was useless, he acknowledged with every sign of contrition, and with tears, which, we believe were for the moment sincere, that he was what we had at once on seeing him pronounced him to be an impostor. He pleaded in extenuation for his fault that he had been led to wrong by falling into bad company. He left us with promises of amendment. He has, however, probably some accomplices, and they find the game a profitable one. We have heard of him within a day or two as still representing himself as a fugitive slave, and getting money by appeals to the sympathy of the unwary and inexperienced.

When with us he went by the name of James Jones. No doubt, however, he has plenty of aliases. He is tolerably dark, short in stature, stout for his height, with a good face, and quite intelligent. He tells his story with great apparent candour, and is incomparable for the pertinacity and impudence with which he lies. He may be particularly known by a slight scar over his *right eyebrow*, and another upon his cheek, under *his left eye*. Beware of him, and pass him round. Will the Tribune copy for the benefit of its city readers?

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.—We learn that the friends of this fugitive slave in England, have raised the sum of $750, which has been brought to this country in the Acadia, to be sent to his former master, that he may not be forcibly taken back to bondage by the slaveholders.—*Salem Observer.*

We have heard this statement from other quarters, and have heard it with regret. If Frederick Douglass be in danger from the slaveholders it is not for his money value. There is as much reason to apprehend danger for him now as before. They want food for their revenge, not his value in the market, and to kidnap him would be as easy now as before he was bought. The only gain in this transaction is, that the blood-thirsty master who said that he would have Douglass, cost what it might, has received a donation of $750.

☞ Our friend, J. M. McKim, left Boston, intending to embark on board the ill-fated Atlantic. He stopped on the way to visit some friends, and fortunately was delayed till the next day.

☞ Our friends at Danvers will learn with sorrow that the ship Zenobia, Capt. Kinney, which cleared in this city for Liverpool, with flour, on the 22d ult. by N. S. & G. Griswold, is believed to have been lost at sea in the late storm.

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT LOST.—The steamboat *Maria* was run into on the Mississippi a few days since, and nearly sunk. From twenty-five to thirty persons were drowned.

☞ We regret to learn from the *Liberator* the death of Mr. Henry Chapman, of Boston, the father of the late Henry G. Chapman. He was a man universally esteemed for his upright and honourable character as a citizen and merchant, and endeared to the Abolitionists of Boston, for his steady and generous support of the Anti-Slavery cause, through times of difficulty and danger, to the day of his death. His age was seventy-five years.

☞ Dr. Bailey has withdrawn from the Cincinnati Morning Herald, to take charge of the "National Era," the new Third party paper, which is to be published at Washington; Stanley Mathews, Esq. will take the place of Dr. Bailey, as editor of the Herald.

J. Q. Adams is slowly regaining his strength, and it is hoped, say the Boston papers, that he will be able to go to Washington before the close of the coming session of Congress.

Hon. John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, delivered the introductory lecture before the Adelphic Union, an association of colored men in Boston; and Charles Sumner, Esq. is advertised to deliver the second lecture.

☞ In justice to the Globe, we would state that it has at length published Mr. Jay's second letter on the slave case.

Notes on New Books.

Sartor Resartus—The French Revolution, a History. By Thomas Carlyle. Wiley & Putnam. *Wit and Humour. By Leigh Hunt.* Wiley & Putnam.

These are the latest addition to the "Library of choice Reading." Of the works of Carlyle, nothing more need be said than that they are printed from the revisions of the author, by his consent, and with his imprimatur. They are published in a form which combines three prime requisites in a book, cheapness, elegance, and convenience. The new work by Leigh Hunt, is a companion to his "Imagination and Fancy;" it is composed of the choicest pickings of wit and humour from English poets, and a quotation from Halleck, which was supposed to be c

thing else, yet it would be possible to put a different construction upon his teaching from a paragraph quoted from Dr. Wayland, in which the slaveholder is spoken of as holding the slave for a season, for the slave's good. But it would be unwise and ungenerous to put a forced construction of evil upon an author's meaning, when it will as well bear one consonant with truth.—B.

The works of Samuel Johnson, with an Essay on his life and genius. By Arthur Murphy. 3d complete American edition, in 2 vols. Harper & Brothers: 1846.

These extensive publishers are doing a good service for literature, by issuing, in a cheap and elegant form, works of standard value and recognized merit. In addition to the above handsome volumes, they have just published, in their New Miscellany, Schiller's Thirty Years' War, Salkeld's Antiquities, and No. 122 of their Shakspeare, and No. 20 of their Pictorial History of England. The former is drawing to a close, and it will be found superior to any edition of the great poet yet published, either in Europe or America. The illustrations are more truly Shakspearian than any other that we have seen, and we believe that we have seen all that are worth seeing, while the really learned and judicious labours of Mr. Verplanck, have left nothing to be accomplished by future editors.—B.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* Liberty and Slavery; Moan of the Prisoner; A Dirge for Thomas Clarkson. *Miscellany:* Toussaint (*continued*); Making of Friends' Clothing; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections:* Gerrit Smith to Stephen C. Phillips; The Slavery Question, &c.; Aristocracy of the Skin; E. Quincy to Gerrit Smith; The Randolph Slaves; Consistency of Wesleyan Methodists; Anti-Slavery League—Great Meeting; Letter from Honorable David Sears.

SECOND PAGE.—Reply of Frederick Douglass to Dr. Cox.

Married,

On Thursday, the 12th ultimo, in Cincinnati, by the Rev. G. D. Gillispie, WILLIAM BIRNEY, Esq. to Miss KATE, only daughter of Dr. H. L. Hoffman, formerly of St. Louis.

In Cincinnati, on the evening of the 6th ultimo, by the Rt. Rev. C. P. McIlvaine, D. D. S. P. CHASE, Esq. to SARAH BELLA, daughter of the late James C. Ludlow.

In Bath, Maine, ALFRED REDINGTON, Esq. of Augusta, Adjutant General of this State, to Miss LUCY C. youngest daughter of the late James Kimball, Esq. of Newburyport, Massachusetts.

Died,

In Philadelphia, on the 19th ultimo, aged 47 years, MARY ANN, widow of the late Adam Waldie.

In this city, on the 29th ultimo, at the house of Mr. Albion Essex, SARAH MATILDA CORNISH, daughter of Rev. Samuel E. Cornish, aged 21 years 11 months and 13 days.

On Saturday evening, 28th ultimo, at his residence in this city, ELISHA NORCROSS, aged 70 years.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Wreck of the Steamer Atlantic—Thirty Lives Lost!

Doubtless all our readers will have heard ere our paper can reach them, of the melancholy shipwreck of the splendid steamer Atlantic, on Friday last. We copy below, gleaned from various papers, so much of the particulars, as will give a clear understanding of this disastrous and painful event:

We obtain the following particulars from the New-London *Morning News* of Friday:

Office of the Morning News,
NEW-LONDON, Thursday, Nov. 26—2 o'clock, P. M.

THE GALE AND THE BOATS.—The weather yesterday and to-day will be remembered as the most severe for the season, on record—and the consequent derangement of the mails, and the inconvenience experienced by the people in travelling, will not soon be forgotten. Yesterday dawned upon us, accompanied by a regular "Nor'-easter," with rain and sleet, which continued till late in the night, when it cleared off, the wind shifted to WNW, and has blown with great violence all day.

The steamer New Haven, from Greenport for Allyn's Point, came over as usual, and landed her passengers at the Point, took on board the Boston passengers for New-York; and came down the river. She did not venture across the Sound, however, but remained here until this morning, when she returned to Allyn's Point, and still remains there.

At about one o'clock this morning the Atlantic came down from Allyn's Point. She was due here at ten o'clock last evening, but the cars were detained by the storm, and did not reach Allyn's Point until twelve. The Atlantic had great difficulty in landing here, on account of the severity of the gale, but there being some fifteen or twenty passengers to come on shore, and a number to go on board, for New-York, Capt. *Dustan*, after a battle of some three-fourths of an hour with the elements, succeeded in placing his boat alongside the wharf. She left soon after for New-York.

The *Mohegan*, due here from New-York this morning, at three o'clock, arrived at about eight. She came to anchor under Charles Island, some hours after leaving New-York; and remained until five o'clock this morning, when she got under way and came down the Sound before the gale.

This morning, as soon as the people began to stir, it was reported that a steamboat was ashore on Fisher's Island, opposite North Hill, not far from the South Dumpling; and from an examination by glasses, which revealed a large sized steamer, it was feared that it must be the steamer Atlantic, which left for New-York at two o'clock, A. M.

No communication had been had with the vessel at the time the Mohegan arrived. At eight o'clock, Capt. Van Pelt, on being informed of the perilous position of the vessel, determined to attempt to relieve her. As soon as his passengers for Boston were landed at Allyn's Point, he took on board a supply of coal and came down the river and went over to Fisher's Island.

The Mohegan has just returned, (two o'clock, P.M.) and reports the vessel to be the *Atlantic*; that she is at anchor about a fourth of a mile from the shore, and appears to ride with ease. Her smoke-pipes are gone, as also are her paddle-boxes—supposed to have been removed, to prevent the action of the wind from driving her on shore.

The Mohegan, owing to the violence of the gale, could hold no communication with those on board, and could learn no facts in relation to her getting into such a situation. It is supposed, from the position she was first seen in, in the morning, that she had made some progress up the Sound, when some part of her machinery breaking, she was compelled to come to anchor, and the fierceness of the gale drove her on a lee-shore. She was seen by several persons early this morning, drifting slowly down the Sound, as though dragging her anchors.

FRIDAY, Nov. 27—6 o'clock, A. M.

The steamer *New-Haven* came down from Allyn's Point last evening, having on board several of the officers of railroad company, for the purpose, we suppose, of attempting to afford relief to those on board the Atlantic, and, if possible, rescue the noble steamer from her dangerous situation; but, owing to the continued fury of the gale, it was not deemed prudent to make the attempt; and the New-Haven and the Mohegan are now lying in the dock.

Whether there has yet been any communication with the Atlantic, we know not, and what may be the fate of those on board, it is useless to surmise. Doubtless, however, that powerful steamer has fulfilled the expectation formed of her, and has been able to withstand the fury of the elements without injury; and to-day we shall, without doubt, witness the safe delivery of the boat and those on board from the perils which have so thickly beset them.

The following is the most graphic account of the fatal catastrophe we have seen:

About midnight she parted one of her cables, there being four out, one attached to thirty hundred weight of furnace bars and the other to anchors. After this the gale continued to increase, and now blew a perfect hurricane.

She was driven still nearer to the shore, but passed a point that all expected she would strike upon. She then drifted about eleven miles more, making in all twenty-two miles, which occupied about forty-eight hours, of terrible uncertainty and suffering. She then struck, stern first, on a ledge of rocks on Fisher's Island, when a tremendous sea seemed to lift her up to the very top of the ledge; so far up, indeed, as almost to throw her over on to the other side. This was the crisis in the disaster; it was terrible and heart rending in the extreme. In five minutes after she struck she was in pieces. In these five minutes at least one-half of those on board the Atlantic were taken from time into eternity. Some were drowned, some crushed, and some frozen to death. The screams, the crash, the roar of the sea, were dreadful.

There were six females, four children, and two infants among the passengers. All the females were drowned or crushed to death. Only one of the children was saved, and he, we learn, was the only one saved of the family of which he was a member. His father, mother, married sister, and a younger sister, and two young brothers, were on board; all are dead. The poor little orphan thus saved, and thus thrown alone on the world, is only twelve years of age. The two infants were drowned, frozen, or crushed to death.

All this occurred at half-past four o'clock, on Friday morning.

The following list is as correct as it can be made at present:

Officers, Crew and Passengers Lost.

Captain Dustan, of the Atlantic.
Dr. Hassler, of the Navy.
Lieut. Norton, of the Army.
A Clergyman named Armstrong.
Orlando Pitts, Sec'y of Boylston Ins. Co. Boston.
—— French, Clerk in Merchants' Ins. Co. Boston.
Mrs. Hilton, stewardess.
Sarah Johnson, chambermaid.
Sarah Ruby, of Providence, do.
Eliza Wacob, servant to Mrs. Lewis.
John Walton, Mrs. Jane Walton, John Walton, James Walton, Eleanor Jane Walton, } All one family from West Newburgh, for Penn.
Robert Vine, Jacob Walton, John Gleason, } Of the same family; saved.
Thomas Gedney, Michael Dougherty, Charles Ryley, John Macfarlan, } Of the crew, lost.

Passengers Saved.—Capt. Geo. W. Cullum, U. States Engineer corps; Seabury Brewster, N. Y.; Capt. Peter Hann, Portland; C. C. Orr, Louisville, Ky.; Joel R. Andrews, N. London; Lieut. E. Maynard, U. S. N.; Lieut. C. S. Stewart, U. S. Engineer; Charles Kadnedy, N. Y.; Hiram Tarbox, Lisbon, Ct.; Francis Herrick, Boston; Geo. W. Rogers, N. London; C. C. Comstock, N. London; Thomas Truesdale, N. Y.; Thomas Gooding, Boston; Nahum Reise, Newark, N. J.; E. V. Booth, Boston; Edward Maddon, Boston; Charles Mitchell, Norwich; C. Peterson, Boston; Henry Van Wart, Bermingham, England; Varnham Marsh, N. Y. James Wilson, Boston; Nathaniel Atwood, Mass.; Richard Atwood, Mass.; Thomas O. Gould, Adams's Express; —— Munroe, Baggage Master.

Officers of the Boat Saved.—James Stetson, 2d Capt.; Wm. Boyle, and John G. Gull, clerks; Charles Woodworth, barkeeper; Capt. N. A. Allen, pilot; Charles Crandall, 2d pilot; Dennis Spellana, wheelman; Elias Kingston, 1st mate; R. W. Duncan, 2d mate; John Keefer, steward; Eli Birdsell, 2d engineer; John J. Gale, 3d engineer; Charles Christian, seaman.

There were but three female passengers on board, including the servant of Mrs. Lewis—all lost. There were probably eight or ten deck hands, who also perished.

A Mr. Patridge had in his company a Miss Jordan, who was coming to this city on a visit to his wife. All his exertions to save her were fruitless, in the last of which he nearly lost his own life. He escaped to the shore by swimming, having first divested himself of his clothes, with the exception of his shirt and pantaloons. The body of Miss Jordan was recovered, and has been conveyed to Boston, under the care of Mr. Patridge.

The total number of bodies thus far recovered is twenty-nine, which we hope will embrace the whole number lost.

The Boston Advertiser, giving a list of many who bought tickets in Boston, for passage to New-York, says: So far as we can learn, only thirty-six passengers (twenty-six first class and ten second class) bought tickets in Boston for the passage to New-York by the Atlantic, on Wednesday afternoon, and their names are given below, viz:

Messrs. Cassady, Collamore, Hirsch, Armstrong, Booth, Symmes, and Captain Hanna, bought tickets of Adams & Co. in State street.

Mr. Kimball (firm of Spofford, Tileston, & Co. New-York,) Mr. Baldwin, (Cincinnati, Ohio,) Mr. Houghton, Mr. Solar, lady and child, (names unknown,) bought tickets of Mr. Brooks, in Elm street.

Two Messrs. Atwood, Messrs. Baldwin, Hassler, Maynard, Giddings, Burbank, Partridge and lady, Weston, Orr, Leverett, Barbeck, Van Wert, (of Birmingham, England,) Cunningham, and Capt. Cullum, with the following deck passengers: Messrs. Wilson, Peterson, Walton and family of six, (English,) Madden, bought tickets at the railroad station.

The following is a list of persons who arrived at the New London hotels on the 25th and 26th instant. It probably embraces the names of some who intended to proceed by the boat, but were deterred by the violence of the storm, and of some who were passengers lost with the steamer.

CITY HOTEL, Nov. 26.—D. Turner, Danielsonville; W. T. Mann, W. Kent, W. Silliman, M. Profit, J. H. Taylor, New-York; J. G. Hayden and lady, Essex; F. Cobb, E Thompson, H. L. Hazen, G. Dart, Mr. Holbrook, Norwich; C. Demond, Williamstown; D. Perry, R. Rice, C. Bullard, Boston; J. L. Lord, Chester.

BACON'S HOTEL, Nov. 25.—Chas. Richmond, R. Cone, E. H. Childs, Boston; M. Dodge, F. Morgan, Salina; A. Dewey, T. D. Toazer, Hartford; N. H. Clark, St. Louis; Mr. Tucker, Boston; J. L. Perkins, W. Dunham and son, Miss Ely, Norwich; Wm. Birell, Harrisburgh; S. Fisher, P. E. Tuttle, Cleveland, Ohio; J. L. Wooster, O. Foster, Kingston; P. Ransom, Haverstraw; A. McLeester, Williamsburgh; E. Halloway, Rochester; T. Talcott, Bangor, Me.; H. Rice and lady, Ohio; G. B. Baldwin, Sag Harbour; E. Bailey, H. Huested, Albany.

26—M. R. Steel, Norwich; J. A. Bill, J. M. McKim, R. W. Hendrick, E. Drayton, Philadelphia, J. Dascom, New-York; G. A. Hamilton, J. B. Wayman, Worcester; F. Cobb, East Thomaston; Capt. Gray, Waterford; O. A. Wilcox, Bristol; A. Grieben, Newcastle; E. W. Sage, Baltimore; S. M Porter, St. Stephens; N. Sage, Brunswick; A. S. Austin, Newcastle; S. W. Glover, Keene, New Hampshire; A. Story, Syracuse; W. Hinckley, Maine; H. Berseford, Waterbury; J. Pynchion, Clermont; R. Hadley, H. Tickenor.

The loss of the three young gentlemen, Pitts, Collamore, and French, is a dispensation as mournful as it is sudden and unexpected. All were just opening in life with fair prospects, and excellent characters, beloved and esteemed by all who knew them. They were all engaged in marriage to young ladies in New-York, and left the city in company, to make a Thanksgiving visit on the day which was the last of their lives. Young French had a large amount of money in his pocket-book, but when his body was recognized by his friends, only three dollars remained. His gold watch was gone, and that of Pitts was also taken away, and no money was found upon him, though his clothes were so perfect that he was recognized by them.

The Boston Advertiser of yesterday morning says:—"The Norwich train, which arrived here Saturday night, brought the bodies of Messrs. Orlando Pitts and Charles French, of this city, and Michael Dougherty, of Portland. The latter was immediately carried to Portland.

"The train which arrived yesterday brought the bodies of Miss Mary Jordan, Dr. J. M. Weston, and Mr. A. F. Collamere, of this city.

"Mr. W. A. Munroe, the conductor of the train for this city, was saved and returned to this city yesterday. He is confident that no passengers who left this city in the Long Island train of Wednesday morning went on board the Atlantic."

It is related of Capt. DUSTAN, who took and kept his position over the upper saloon, that to the repeated and earnest solicitations of companions in peril not to expose himself thus, he replied: "*If the Atlantic goes, I go with her.*"

It is said that the whole of the North American British Provinces are to be united in one Government under a viceroy; also the whole of the remaining British possessions in America under another similar Government.

An agent from Santa Fé has been in St. Louis to get specie for the troops in Mexico. United States Treasury drafts are not received by the Mexicans in payment for their wares.

Seven thousand tailors in London are out of work. Several thousand of them have resolved to come to America.

The Tribune suggests that the Mercantile Library Association of New York, with those of Boston and Philadelphia, should invite Thomas Carlyle to this country to deliver lectures.

A Sheriff in Rensselaer County, N. Y., who hanged a man lately, cut the rope with his left hand. He said "he did so, because he never could shake hands with his friends with a hand that had done such a deed."

A new Prison Association, auxiliary to the N. Y. Association, was recently formed at Auburn. Ex-Governor Seward, President—Ex-Governor Throop, Vice President.

A coloured family, composed of six persons, has been liberated by Mr. John Van Lear, Jr. and Mr. N. Friend of Williamsport Md. and were to leave for Africa in the new packet bark "Liberia," to sail from this port on the 25th ultimo.

A Proper Distinction.—Governor Chittenden, Chief Magistrate of Vermont, was of humble birth, and rose by the force of talent to his exalted station. Yet while Governor of the Green-Mountain empire, he still continued to keep the same tavern, upon the steep hill-side, that he kept for many years before. One evening, a wagoner drove up and accosted him thus: "Governor Chittenden, as chief magistrate of Vermont, I render you all due homage; but as landlord Chittenden, I'll thank you to turn out my horses."

A NICE POINT BY LAW.—In Ohio, a black or mulatto person is not allowed to be a witness in any case where a white person is a party. In a recent case, a hand employed on board a canal boat brought a suit against the boat for wages. The witness relied on was a colored man, and the attorney for the defence objected to his testifying. But the Justice decided that a canal boat is not a white person in the meaning of the law. The testimony of the witness was heard, and a verdict rendered for the plaintiff in attachment.—*Boston Courier.*

The West India Coolie System.—A Kingston (Jamaica) correspondent of the Philadelphia United States Gazette, under date of the 7th ult. says:—"Public opinion here is rapidly settling down to the idea that the Coolie Emigration scheme is neither more or less than an East Indian Slave trade, equally obnoxious, and just as wicked as its predecessor, the African Slave trade. Advices from Madras, E. I., received by people here from intelligent residents there, depict the mode of managing this trade as follows:—"Numbers are kidnapped, and all are entrapped or persuaded under false pretences. They are ignorant, and do not even know that they are quitting the Company's dominions, and meanwhile, their families are left to starve."

We are here at Kingston but too truly aware of the sufferings which are heaped upon this poor Hindoo race of Coolies, and we are fully convinced that it will never do us any good, as they are naturally of apathetic habits, to which must be added the discontent and sullenness arising from their not understanding the language, and the forced work, to which they are not accustomed.

Yesterday evening a planter from the country reported the occurrence of several severe shocks of earthquake in a disirict hitherto exempt."

Cheap Postage.—The cheap postage system will certainly succeed. It is said now that the amount of deficiency which the Postmaster General will require from the Treasury will be but $500,000. Next year the Department will pay its own expenses, and in two years will yield a revenue of three millions annually.

Commutation of Sentence.—His Excellency the Governor has commuted the punishment of Abraham, slave of Alex Robertson, Esq. who was to have been executed on Friday next, for stabbing a white man. The Governor has directed that in place of death, he shall suffer solitary confinement for three months, recieve 100 lashes and be sent out of the State.—*Charleston News.*

☞ H. Hastings Weld, well known as a successful editor in Lowell, Boston, New-York, and other places, has taken orders in the Episcopal Church. He was admitted to the holy order of Deacons by Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, in Philadelphia, a few days since.

Later from Mexico.—Taking of Tampico.

The squadron unedr Commodore Perry, says the New Orleans Delta of the 20th, arrived off Tampico on the 14th ultimo. A messenger with a flag was immediately sent on board the Commodore's ship, offering, in the name of the authorities, the surrender of the city.

About four hundred men—sailors and marines—were then sent ashore from the squadron, who took, and hold possession of the place, without firing a gun. Some five or six gunboats were seized, and, as far as found available, incorporated with the squadron.

After making such arrangements as the case rendered necessary, Commodore Perry, on board the United States steamship Mississippi, sailed for New Orleans, touching at the Brazos, where Lieut. Anderson was landed, to inform the United States authorities there of what had transpired.

The Commodore reached New Orleans on the 20th. Health of the squadron good.

A farther reinforcement of two hundred men from the fleet, had been ordered to garrison Tampico, and the object of the Commodore's visit to New Orleans was, to obtain men and munitions for the garrison at Tampico, and the New Orleans papers state that some four or five hundred troops would leave for that destination in a day or two; and it is farther stated, that Governor Johnson, of Louisiana, had tendered for the use of the United States, six 6-pound and three 9-pound brass pieces, together with one hundred rounds of ball for each gun, and fifty rounds of grape shot.

Tampico contains about 4,000 inhabitants; but there are two towns adjacent, almost connected with it, called Pueblo Vieja and Altamira, which considerably increase the population on that part of the Coast of Mexico.

NOTICES.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS AND CONVENTIONS IN ONONDAGA & CORTLAND COUNTIES.

E. D. Hudson, from Massuchusetts, will hold Anti-slavery meetings in the following towns and villages in Onondaga county, as follows:

Clay, Thursday, December 3d, at 1 & 6 p. m
Liverpool, Friday 4th 6 p m and Saturday, 5th 1 & 6 p. m
Geddeo, Sunday, Dec. 6th, 10 a m. and 2 & 6 p m
Salina, 7th & 8th, Monday, 2 & 6 p m. Tuesday, 10 a m, 2 & 6 p m
Onondaga Hollow, 9th Wednesday, 1 & 6 p m
Manlius Centre, Thursday, 10th, 1 & 6 p m
Fayetteville, Friday, 11th, 1 & 6 p m
Jamesville, 12th & 13th, Saturday, 1 & 6 p m. Sunday, 2 & 6 p m
Pompey Hill, 14th & 15th Monday, 1 & 6 p m Tuesday, 10 a m, and 2 & 6 p m
Lafayette, Wednesday, 16th. 1 & 6 p m
Cardiff, Thursday, 17th, 1 & 6 p m
Oliseo Centre, 18th & 19th, Friday, 1 & 6 p m, Saturday, 10 a m, and 2 & 6 p m
Amber, Sunday, 20th, 10 a m, and 2 & 6 p m
Borodino, Monday, 21st & 22d, 1& 6 p m, Tuesday, 10 a m, & 2 & 6 p m
Spafford (Roundy's Corners) Wednesday, 23d, 1& 6 p m

Rev. Samuel J May, of Syracuse, and James C. Fuller, of Skaneateles, and other distinguished speakers, will join Dr. Hudson at the meeting at Salina, and accompany and aid him in fulfilling most of his other appointments through Onandaga county.

The friends of the slave are requested to make all necessary arrangements for the meeting in their respective towns and villages, which these advocates of the slave will visit, and extend notices as extensively as possible.

J. C. HATHAWAY, *Gen. Agt. Am. A. S. Soc'y*

THE FAIR.

The Fair of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held on the 17th, 18th, and 19th instant, in the LARGE SALOON OF THE ASSEMBLY BUILDINGS, corner of Tenth and Chestnut streets. A large and elegant variety of useful and fancy articles will be offered for sale, and the collection will present a highly attractive appearance. All tastes may find gratification, and all hearts share in the happiness of aiding a noble cause, while procuring pleasure for themselves.

Among the collection will be found worsted work in great variety, a large assortment of fancy articles, imported from Paris, expressly for the Fair, porcelain ware, silk manufactures, &c.

Also, some beautiful *Lithophanies*, in frames, books, pictures, toys in abundance, plants, children's clothing of various descriptions, sofa-quilts, cracoviennes, tidys, &c.

Our fellow-labourers in the country will please forward their contributions, in good season, and where it is practicable, we hope that each circle will send at least one or two representatives to be in attendance at the Fair. The hospitalities of our houses are cordially offered them.

The time for preparation is short. Let not a day be lost, friends! Much may be done by zeal and diligence, in the interval which yet remains. Come in large numbers, and with large offerings for the slave!

A large quantity of evergreens are wanted for decorating the Hall of the Fair. Will the friends procure and send them? Much should be made into wreaths for festoons. We trust that the supply of poultry will be abundant, as the demand is great. Sausages, hams, eggs, butter, lard, dried beef, tongues, pickles, &c. will find a ready sale. Remember the slave, ye who are blessed in basket and in store.

NOTICE.

The next quarterly meeting of the Worcester County North Division Anti-Slavery Society, will be held in Hubbardston, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 9th and 10th of December next.

Again we invite the friends of Freedom to meet us at the above-named place and time,—that we cheer and encourage one another in the great work of bringing salvation to the slave,—that we may hear his advocates—contemplate his wrongs—be made to see and feel our own responsibilities, and that we may address ourselves anew to the labour of love. Come, friends of humanity, whether Whigs, Democrats, or Liberty party, we may find something to do,—the slave is yet in his chains, and we are in guilty co-partnership with his oppressor. Our skirts should be rid of the foul stain. Come, and give us your minds. Come, mothers, wives, sisters, daughters; in your hearts is the home of benevolence,—your sisters in Slavery look to you for help; shall they look in vain? Surely they will not.

T. R. LOCKE, *Secretary.*

GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

A great meeting of the friends of Freedom will be held in Salem, on Sunday evening, December 6, in the Mechanic Hall, to welcome Mr. Garrison, on his return from England.

The meeting will be addressed by Wm. Lloyd Garrison and James N. Buffum. All are most cordially invited to attend.

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

TO BE HELD

IN FANEUIL HALL,

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The committee of the thirteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, have the pleasure of announcing that it will open IN FANEUIL HALL, on Tuesday morning, December 22d, the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. Our principles are identical with theirs: our enterprise is but the continuation of their grand undertaking. The place which they took in their age, we call upon all their decendants to unite with us in taking at the present time. We entreat all who love their country to aid us in delivering it from the curse and shame of Slavery. This is only to be done by convincing each individual who composes the nation, that it is a sin and ought immediately to be abandoned. To this end, books and newspapers must be published, lecturers sustained, and a multitude of incidental expense incurred in the prosecution of the work. We therefore entreat every lover of freedom and of man whom this page meets, to ask himself—"What can I do to further this noble undertaking?" Perhaps there is scarcely an individual who cannot by inquiry and co-operation with others, effect much in his vicinity. Surely no friend of right and justice, whether man or woman, will refuse to listen to a few

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

In the first place, ☞ It is an arduous undertaking to decorate Faneuil Hall for the occasion, attractively, and at the same time without expense. As we have but half the time to give to that purpose which we had last year, it is of great consequence to have the materials *in complete readiness, and* ON THE SPOT SEASONABLY. The wreaths of running pine, (*several hundred yards* could be advantageously used in the execution of the plan already drawn,) ought all to be in Boston on the preceding Friday, the 18th, in order to allow Saturday and Monday for the work of preparation, and that will be the least possible time in which it can, under the circumstances, be accomplished.

The friends of the cause who live in towns where pine and red-cedar trees can be had for the cutting, or through the generosity of the owners of woodland, are informed that in no way could their aid be more effectual than in sending to Boston, *on Friday, the 18th December,* evergreen trees of a size suited to stand against the pillars, and hide the unsightly spaces in the Hall. Barrel-hoops, trimmed thickly, (but not over-carefully,) with the running-pine, are also needed in great numbers. N B. *The wreaths and hoops should be sent in ready for use, as there will be hardly time to put them up.*

☞ Friends desirous to co-operate, are entreated to write to us immediately on receiving this, informing us *exactly what we may depend on from them,* that by comparing and replying to their letters, we may save *time,* TROUBLE, and MONEY, while we equalize the burden, by assuming our full share of it. The friends in Walpole and in Lynn have already given us their assurance of a definite proportion of the wreathed hoops, necessary to make the mullions and tracery of the plan. We hope to hear immediately from the devoted friends of the cause in other towns, because *early* action will spare themselves much of the fatigue and suffering from the cold weather which attend all such exertion later in the season, while it will greatly encourage our labours in town.

N. B. We have no adequate place of storage in Boston, and therefore beg the friends to retain their contributions of greenery till Friday, the 18th, and to send them WITHOUT FAIL on that day; as a longer delay would occasion an irreparable loss of time.

☞ Those friends, either in the city or country, who intend to give the cause the service of their personal aid, during the two days, in fitting up the decorations, are requested to let us know as soon as convenient, and in proportion to our love of the cause, will be our sense of personal obligation to them. A strong force will be needed, from eight o'clock on Saturday and Monday mornings, through both days and evenings, as the time is short, the hall large, and the Gothic screen-work bulky.

It would be very easy, but fatal to our purpose, to hire hands; and we therefore feel that we can rely on the aid of all who appreciate that purpose, to unite with us in saving expense, in this, and every other way, especially as the unavoidable expenses will be unusually heavy this year.

REFRESHMENT TABLE.

This has always been one of the most profitable departments of the Fair, and we earnestly commend it to the liberality of the well-wishers of the cause, both in the city and the country. *Every kind* of produce and refreshment, (except wine, &c.) will be acceptable.

☞ It will be remembered that by far the largest number of our committee live at so inconvenient a distance from the Hall, that it was found necessary to have a Ladies' dining room there, for the accommodation of those whose sevices as sale-women were indispensable. Those friends who are always so generous in supplying this apartment, are informed that all concerned are most considerate and conscientious in the use of this room, feeling that none but those whose presence is absolutely necessary to the success of the occasion, ought to occupy it; and, therefore, we feel that we may unhesitatingly again ask for the simple provisions which were so kindly sent in last year. At the same time, we renew our assurances to the friends, whom we expect from a distance, to take charge of the tables in person, that no exertion on our part shall be spared for their comfort and accommodation.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

The eighth number of this excellent Annual, which has been perhaps *the* most gainful operation in connection with the Fair is to be published on the first morning. It is in contemplation to publish a larger edition than usual, if the funds permit; but as yet, only half the sum has been subscribed, owing to an unavoidable delay in commencing this year's operations. But as the publication has so good a claim on all who wish to swell the receipts of the Fair, as well as on all who have seen how effectual a medium of union it is between different parts of the world in the same great cause, and how valuable an auxiliary in promoting that cause in quarters where greater instrumentalities are of less avail, it is not doubted that the statement of the immediate need of funds, will ensure a pecuniary response.

TO FRIENDS HAVING IT IN THEIR POWER TO MAKE DONATIONS OF AMERICAN BLEACHED COTTONS.

Twenty pieces of this material are needed for the preparations, decorations, &c.; which, after having served this purpose, will either be wrought up and sold at the charity-table of next year's Bazaar, or disposed of at the end of this, as shall be found advisable. Those friends who have a desire at once to aid the cause, and to see what a well exeeuted plan can effect in beautifying Faneuil Hall, are entreated to unite in supplying this want of the occasion.

CHARITY TABLE.

Ladies in the habit of supplying the destitute with plain clothing at the season of Christmas and New Year, are informed that it is intended to have a table at which they may furnish themselves with garments suited to their purpose.

MINISTERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS INTERESTED IN THE CAUSE,

Are earnestly entreated to help this work of Christianity, by promoting the formation of social circles in their respective parishes, to prepare in each, a table for the Bazaar; as it is the experience of ministers who have hitherto done so, that the way has thus been opened for a successful Anti-Slavery work, through the more powerful instrumentalities of the pulpit and the lecture-room.

ARTISTS, MERCHANTS MECHANICS, AND MANUFAGTURERS

Have it in their power to do much for the cause, by contributions of materials to be worked up, or specimens of their skill, industry, and genius.

TO EDITORS OF NEWSPAPERS.

The object of this Fair being entirely disconnected from sectarian and party purposes—and political, only as philanthropy needs must be so in going down to the depths of social wrong, below all nominal partisan distinctions, and every American being as deeply concerned in it as ourselves, we feel in consequence that we may rightfully and honourably CLAIM of EVERY AMERICAN IN THE EXERCISE OF THE EDITORIAL FUNCTIONS, to give one insertion, (with a favourable notice of its purpose,) to the following short

ADDRESS OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE THIRTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

The undersigned, in announcing their intention to hold the 13th National A. S. Bazaar in Faneuil Hall, at the close of the year, feel that they may confidently ask the co-operation of all who love right, liberty and humanity.

If past labour, when almost unaided, has been so successful as recent events prove it to have been, in awakening the consciences, informing the minds, and moving the hearts of the people, what may not be hoped from the union of many in the fulfilment of the same great duty?

The funds raised will be expended as heretofore, in sustaining anti-slavery agents and periodicals, and the effectmust necessarily be so to act upon the public heart and conscience that the individual, the State, and the nation may be ready in every coming emergency, to abjure all participation in the sin of Slavery.

Ladies intending to take tables are requested to give early notice, that the arrangements of the Hall may be seasonably planned. Donations of money and articles will be gladly received by all the members of the Committee. Information having been already received of the diligence and devotedness of friends in Europe, in the preparation of rare and beautiful articles for the occasion, it only remains for the Committee to hope that their own countrymen and country women will not justify the reproach we bear as a people by being found less high-minded, less just, and less humane than their foreign co-adjutors. The cry of a single slave can now arouse our whole State. It is to find a voice for those who are perishing unheard, the suffering and forgotten millions, for whom there can be no escape but through what of devotedness and fidelity to right may be enkindled in the land, that this effort is made. We trust we do not ask for aid in vain.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	CATHARINE SARGENT,
ANN T. G. PHILLIPS,	M. A. W. JOHNSON,
MARY G. CHAPMAN,	CAROLINE WESTON,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNA R. PHILBRICK,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	MARY YOUNG,
HELEN E. GARRISON,	HARRIET M. JACKSON,
SARAH S. RUSSELL,	EVELINA SMITH,
SARAH B. SHAW,	ELIZA F. MERRIAM,
MARY MAY,	CAROLINE F. WILLIAMS,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	ABBY SOUTHWICK,
MARIA LOWELL,	MARY WILLEY,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,	MARIAN CURTIS,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	ANN R. BRAMHALL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	LYDIA PARKER,
LOUISA LORING,	HARRIETT T. WHITE.
HANNAH TUFTS.	

Editors and publishers inserting the Address, are respectfully requested to forward a copy to the Committee.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS

May this year be expected of a very much greater beauty than have ever before been exhibited. The interest of our English contributors has been greatly stimulated, and their number increased, by the formation of the ANTI SLAVERY LEAGUE, which is auxiliary to the American A. S. Society. Exquisite Drawings, Paintings, Works of Art of various kinds, Autographs, Curiosities, Articles of ladies' and children's Dress, and, in fine, specimens of the rare and beautiful in every species of manufacture, particularly those of London and Paris, invite the attention of the city and surrounding country.—☞ Persons who do not visit the Bazaar on the opening day, early, (*doors open at ten o'clock, A. M.,*) will probably lose the opportunity of inspecting the most beautiful objects, as all such are early sought for, and it is our rule not to retain articles on the tables for exhibition, after they have been purchased.

☞ Elegant writing materials will be for sale at the book table, on the right of the platform, where the drawings will also be found.

☞ No articles are received on commission, and therefore those desirous of aiding the cause, as well as of benefiting themselves by seizing an unequalled opportunity for selecting elegant articles, need not hesitate to make large purchases.

WORKING PARTIES

In aid of the Fair were set on foot last year in many places, at the suggestion of the "Bazaar Gazette." It is hoped that suggestion will be still more generally received. Let them also be reading-parties;—tea-parties;—conversation parties;—occasions of festivity, and means of social employment. Their number may thus be multiplied and their benefits increased.

THE EVENINGS OF THE FAIR.

Some of these will be made interesting by the speeches of eloquent advocates of the cause, among whom it is hoped will be Garrison, H. C. Wright, and many of the more recent advocates, who comprehend the mighty additional influence that the fact of speaking from the Anti-Slavery platform gives their words. Bands or choirs volunteering their aid, will most essentially serve the cause; and we beg all disposed to do so, to communicate with us.

TO THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM AT THE SOUTH.

A Table will be arranged in Faneuil Hall this year, for the sale of all donations and contributions from persons born or residing in the slave States. We know that there are many such; and though the knowledge of this arrangement may not reach them in season to secure a large co-operation with us for the present occasion, we trust it will prepare the way against next year, and be the beginning of a true union between the North and the south,—a union of heart in the promotion of right; Such as would always have existed, but for Slavery,—such as never can exist between the supporters of Slavery and the friends of Freedom.

It is earnestly requested that all articles contributed may have the price affixed to them.

All our personal friends, and all the friends of freedom and humanity near and far, are affectionately invited to share with us the duties and the joys of this occasion. We greatly desire the satisfaction of their presence during the progress of the Bazaar of 1846-7.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A slaveholder at the South received a tract of two pages, through the post office;—read it, was convinced, and emancipated his slaves. The tract was printed with the money raised at THIS FAIR.

A clergyman at the North, had an Anti-Slavery paper sent to him. He read it, was pleased with it—subscribed for it, sent it to a leading politician, who, following in part its counsels, revolutionized the party policy of his State. The paper was sustained by MONEY RAISED AT THIS FAIR.

A petition for the abolition of Slavery was sent to Congress. It was discussed—the discussion was printed in the administration papers, and scattered thickly over the land: Thought, agitation, conviction ensued, in multitudes of instances—the whole public mind advanced a step. The form of petition which put the whole in motion, was printed and circulated by MONEY RAISED AT THIS FAIR.

A corps of Anti-Slavery agents went into New Hampshire, and held one hundred Conventions. The next year, the Pro-Slavery Democratic party was scattered. The agents, so far as money was needed, were sustained by the MONEY RAISED AT THIS FAIR.

We might give instances to fill a volume of the beneficial effects of MONEY RAISED AT THIS FAIR.

☞ Contributions received at this office, 142 Nassau street, and at 21 Cornhill, Boston.

☞ THE LIBERTY BELL, 1847. ☜

Friends of the cause intending to write for it this year, are informed that the copy ought now to be in the printer's hands, to ensure its seasonable publication.

It is in contemplation to make the forthcoming number more beautiful and valuable than any former one, and to iss

Poetry.

From the "Revolt of Islam."

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

* * * * * * *

A course precipitous, of dizzy speed,
Suspending thought and breath; a monstrous sight!
For in the air do I behold, indeed,
An Eagle and a Serpent wreathed in fight:—
And now relaxing its impetuous flight,
Before the aërial rock on which I stood,
The Eagle hovering, wheel'd to left and right,
And hung with lingering wings over the flood,
And startled with its yells the wide air's solitude.

A shaft of light upon its wings descended,
And every golden feather gleam'd therein—
Feather and scale inextricable blended.
The Serpent's mail'd and many-colour'd skin
Shone through the plumes its coils were twined within
By many a swollen and knotted fold and high
And far the neck receding lithe and thin,
Sustain'd a crested head which warily
Shifted and glanced before the Eagle's stedfast eye.

Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling,
With clang of wings and scream, the Eagle sail'd
Incessantly—sometimes on high concealing
Its lessening orbs sometimes as if it fail'd,
Droop'd through the air; and still it shriek'd and wail'd,
And casting back its eager head with beak
And talon unremittingly assail'd
The wreathed Serpent, who did ever seek
Upon his enemy's heart a mortal wound to wreak.

What life, what power, was kindled and arose
Within the sphere of that appalling fray!
For from the encounter of those wondrous foes,
A vapour like the sea's suspended spray
Hung gather'd: in the void air, far away,
Floated the shatter'd plumes; bright scales did leap,
Where'er the Eagle's talons made their way,
Like sparks into the darkness,—as they sweep,
Blood stains the snowy foam of the tumultuous deep.

Swift chances in that combat—many a check,
And many a change, a dark and wild turmoil;
Sometimes the snake around his enemy's neck
Lock'd in stiff wings his adamantine coil,
Until the Eagle, faint with pain and toil,
Remitted his strong flight, and near the sea
Languidly flutter'd, hopeless so to foil
His adversary, who then rear'd on high
His red and burning crest radiant with victory.

Then on the white edge of the bursting surge,
Where they had sunk together, would the snake
Relax his suffocating grasp, and scourge
The wind with his wild writhings; for to break
That chain of torment, the vast bird would shake
The strength of his unconquerable wings
As in despair, and with his sinewy neck,
Dissolve in sudden shock those linked rings,
Then soar—as swift as smoke from a volcano springs,

Wile baffled wile, and strength encounter'd strength,
Thus long, but unprevailing:—the event
Of that portentous fight appear'd at length:
Until the lamp of day was almost spent
It had endured, when lifeless, stark, and rent,
Hung high that mighty Serpent, and at last
Fell to the sea, while o'er the continent,
With clang of wings and scream the Eagle past,
Heavily borne away on the exhausted blast.

* * * * * * *

MOAN OF THE PRISONER.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.

Sung by the Hutchinsons, at Sing Sing, on Thanksgiving Day.

I.

The convict immured in the prison's cold cell,
Away from the friends who have loved him so well,
In silence sits musing on scenes of the past,
His heart full of grief, his tears falling fast:
How piercing his groans! how plaintive his moans—
"I'm only a Prisoner whom nobody owns."

II.

O sad was the hour when he turned from the way,
And yielded his heart to the Tempter a prey!
The waves of despair how wildly they roll,
As the darkness of night settles down on his soul!
How piercing his groans! how plaintive his moans—
"I'm only a Prisoner, whom nobody owns."

III.

O SIN is a bitter and poisonous thing—
It pierceth the soul with its dart and its sting;
And naught but Repentance can wipe out the stain,
And the Convict restore to God's favour again;
How piercing his groans! how plaintive his moans—
"I'm only a Prisoner, whom nobody owns."

IV.

But hark to the truth which the Gospel proclaims
To him that is bound in sin's galling chains:
"Thou need'st not despair, for a Saviour hath died,
And bids thee, repentant, come stand at his side:
He heareth thy groans! He pities thy moans!
The Prisoner is one whom his Maker yet owns."

VI.

O come at the call! heed the message of love
Which the Spirit of God brings down from above!
O turn from thy sins, cast thy follies away,
And open the heart to the Gospel's bright ray:
God heareth thy groans! He pities thy moans!
The Prisoner is one whom his Maker yet owns.

V.

Treat kindly the Prisoner, ye followers of Him
Whose grace hath restrained you from outbreaking sin;
O visit in mercy his dreary abode,
And point out before him the heaven y road:
O list to his groans—his pitiful moans—
The Prisoner is one whom his Maker yet owns.

A DIRGE FOR THOMAS CLARKSON.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

He has not lived in vain,
Who, for man's birthright brave,
Hath snapped the negro's chain!
Given freedom to the slave!

'Twas worthy all the toil
Of thy long arduous life,
To have won so proud a spoil
In such a noble strife.

Nor has he lived in vain,
Who by his life hath taught
What zeal untired can gain,
To one fixed purpose brought!

The longest span of time
No lesson well could teach,
More fraught with truth sublime,
Within the humblest reach!

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mugge.)

CHAPTER VI.

He hastened out of his hiding-place, and suddenly twigged the ears of the huntsman. "Hollo!" he cried, "you lazy fellow, you have had a poor hunt of it. Your pouch is empty, and so you seek to make it up with this game, that you caught and tamed long ago. Hollo! Augustin Rigaud, the great hunt is begun in the plain of Port-au-Prince, there the white game are on their feet and calling the hunter, but the rogue had rather at any time catch a pretty little bird than take up with the boar, although he was ever shouting for his bristly hide."

The mulatto threw a proud look upon his merry father-in-law, but the gentle hands of the beautiful woman smoothed the frown out of his brow, and he was fain to join in the loud laugh of his companions, as the old man cocked his hat with an air of defiance, and threw himself into a challenging posture.

"What will you say, my good son," cried Ramiro, "will you serve me up a long row of your exploits? O! I know them all. You were there, when they caught the Ogé and the wild Chavonnes, your bosom friend, but you had nimbler legs, and better luck, than the poor devils who let themselves get hanged. Then, again, in the camp of Verettes, you were the man against Pratolo and the little Marquis, and doubtless not one of those furious Grenadiers would have lived to get back if Antonina had not suddenly written a little letter, declaring that her heart was on fire, and her headache intolerable. And then, away you were for the North, to heal head and heart, and to retire into the mountains, with the foolish child, where there are quails and turkeys of an excellent quality."

Augustin stretched himself laughingly in the beautiful arms of Antonina, and pressed kiss after kiss upon her soft lips. "O! would to Heaven," he cried with a fiery vehemence, "that your old father were right, that this wild heart felt for nothing, and could feel for nothing but thee, my dove, that it desired nothing but thy love, thy sweet and provoking eyes, in which I read the forgiveness of all my sins, and which speak me blessed. What is it that men are longing and struggling for in this world, but to slake the thirst for enjoyment, and happy the simple nature, that with good nerves and a keen palate, can secure this, its earthly heaven."

"Exorbitant fellow!" cried Antonina, putting her hand over his mouth, "I will allow nothing but myself to have place in thy heart."

"O! thou knowest too well, enchantress," cried her passionate husband, pressing her to his heart, "that there is not room there for the smallest atom. A thousand times have I wished that I could dwell with thee only, upon some island in the great ocean, separate from all the world, and thinking only of thee and of our happiness. But here I am, flung into the midst of a distracted life. Every hour brings new cares, new desires, and a thousand wishes and pleasures, meet and cross one another."

"And what limit is there to a man's capacity of wishing? said Ramiro, laughing. It is wonderful how many thoughts may find room in a single brain."

"My thoughts," interrupted Augustin, "are like my life, devoted to my country. I love my wife beyond all things, but I could hate her if she were to require me, for her sake, to give up the contest for our rights, my revenge upon our oppressors. Shall our children be despised slaves, a wretched brood of mongrels, the laughing-stock of every white rascal? This feeling makes me miserable, and drives me away even from her arms. I hate these whites with a hatred deeper than my love, and the most hateful thought that I can entertain is, that Antonina should ever have any regard for a white man. Pardon!" he cried, and kissed the hands of his angry lady, "I know that it is folly to think of such a thing, but there is a little history which has hovered before me from my earliest youth, and which I never can forget. There is a plantation at Jacmel which belonged to a yellow man. I dimly recollect him, a model of physical strength and beauty, a man of rare and cultivated intellect. He had been educated in France, and when he came hither, he brought a lovely white wife with him. They rarely came into the city, rarely appeared at balls and parties. They appeared to be most tenderly united. Henry Lamartiniere was happy, he despised the haughtiness, the importunities, the ridicule of the white rakes, who hovered round the fair Heloise. He knew that he was beloved, and his proud heart trembled with delight, as he saw that he possessed a treasure which awakened the envy of the hated race. Close by his plantation, stood another whose proprietor had just returned from Paris. Julius de Jumecourt, so the baron was called, a Creole, full of arrogance and passion, which had been fostered amidst the shameless revelries of the dissipated capital."

"Julius de Jumecourt!" cried one of the players, looking up. "Is he a relative of the Jumecourt who lives down there at Genaire?"

"His elder brother," said André, who stood leaning against the tree, and gazing out upon the water.

"It is a wretched family," cried Augustin, violently, "a family that has fallen into the clutches of our revenge. Henry Lamartiniere was a fool to let himself be deceived by a white man. The rich Baron entered his doors and offered him the white hand of good neighbourhood, and the stupid mulatto believed, with a childish credulity, that a white man could speak the truth, and forget all the devilish prejudices of his caste. Julius Jumecourt was soon his daily companion. He cursed his cruel white friends, pretended an enthusiasm for the freedom and equality of all men, shed tears and professed unbounded confidence in the foolish mulattoes. They went a hunting together, and were one in all their amusements. Jumecourt wrote an article in favour of the mulattoes, which was burned by the common hangman, in the open market place, and his life hung upon a hair; it was with great difficulty that he was able to clear himself of the dangerous suspicion of being the author of the aforesaid essay. All this made him dearer to the mulattoes, and Lamartiniere almost worshipped him as a divinity. Letters of warning came into his hands. He gave them to Jumecourt, and laughed. Julius looked proudly into his face, and kissed the fair forehead of Heloise. 'I am your friend and brother,' said he, 'do you not believe it, say no, cast a single look of distrust upon me, and I go.'

"Lamartiniere rushed into his arms and pressed him to his heart. 'My friend, my brother,' he cried, 'cursed be the thought which could touch your honour; love me, love my sweet wife. Sooner will I cease to believe in God than in your truth and in hers.'

"Let me cut my story short," here cried the narrator, rising up, "it tortures me to dwell upon the shameful facts. In spite of all his protestation, Lamartiniere had a worm in his heart, named jealousy, and it gnawed and gnawed until the pains of hell devoured him. He whispered some words in the black ear of a faithful old slave, and the slave understood him, and a gleam in his eye said all that was necessary.

"In the dead of night, a hand touched him as he slept upon his couch. The light of a lamp shone into his face. The black spy stood grinning before him. 'What do you want?' cried Lamartiniere, roughly, pushing the black's hand away. 'A thief has come, massa,' whispered the slave. 'He has climbed up the great fig-tree, and through the large window.' Lamartiniere snatched the lamp from the negro, and his hunting-knife from its sheath. The next moment his foot dashed in pieces the door which led into the room of the white serpent. A shriek was heard, and then a groan, and all was still. In the morning the servants ventured in, there sate their master upon a chair, with his eyes fixed upon the floor, and two dead bodies lay before him, pierced through and through, and almost cut in pieces. 'Flee, massa, flee into the mornes,' cried the slave, and endeavoured to drag him away. With a giant's strength, he pushed him off, and kept his seat. The police came, and he was broken on the wheel, in Jacmel. They put him to the torture, and called upon him to repent. 'Yes,' he cried, and his blood-shot eyes flashed fire, 'I do repent, I do repent from the bottom of my soul, that I killed them so easily and swiftly. An eternity would not have sufficed for their torture.'

"He died without a groan."

This frightful story, which Augustin related with an animation corresponding to the interest he took in it, made a deep impression. But one of the players, an elderly gentleman, with a good-humoured face, chuckled to himself, and while he lighted a cigar, observed, "I remember the story right well. The whole white community down there on the other side of the mountain, were beside themselves, and we were all delighted. Lamartiniere was one of the super-wise ones, who think themselves better than other people. There were some folks, who wanted to get him clear, but they could make no impression on the fool. He insisted upon dying and let himself be broken on the wheel, and many ladies were present who were acquainted with him. There were many tears shed for the foolish fellow." Suddenly a young mulatto, who had lain stretched at the foot of the tree, rose up. "Lamartiniere," said he, "was a noble and unfortunate man, who became a criminal through the violence of betrayed love."

"A criminal!" cried Augustin. "He acted like a true man, and if, as they say, he was fool enough to indulge in idle chimeras, to seek the emancipation of the slaves, and to despise his old friends and brothers, and to give his heart to those who flattered his French dreams, why, he has atoned for it by that last deed. "Ah, my young Sir," he continued, scornfully, "you, too, have been at school on the other side of the water, and have brought home similar fancies, but this is not the soil where such plants grow. All those vagaries about virtue and greatness of soul are here lost in bloody reality."

A gentle smile flitted across the earnest features of the young mulatto. His countenance wore a mild and dignified expression, and his large, speaking eyes seemed hardly capable of suppressing his wrath or contempt. "M. Augustin Rigaud," said he, and there was a deep, full tone in his voice, "I will not dispute seriously with you, nor return scorn for scorn. You follow the violent impulse of the moment, and are the creature of every movement of your hot blood. And what can you know of right and justice, of virtue and greatness of soul? You defend a bloody murder, and condemn the noble sentiments of an unhappy man. O, that is our misfortune, most of our brethren think and feel like you! So caste rages against caste and pride and the love of oppression contend with their like, and how can we demand justice if we ourselves have not learned to be just?"

"You are a boy, Petion," cried Augustin, harshly, "and may be indulged, somewhat, but lay aside this schoolmaster's tone. It does not fit you in the company of men."

Petion would not permit him to go on, but stepping close up to the stout mulatto, he fixed his cool eye upon him, and said, "I trust I have my full portion of manhood, and fear that frown on your brow as little as that clenched fist. The true man, M. Augustin, never rages against a raving creature, true power knows how to rule itself. Not a reckless spirit of defiance makes the man, but strength of soul, lofty sentiments, a deep wisdom, and repose, qualities which we all admire in your brother. You will ruin yourself and all that you love, and the history of our country will have little to tell of you."

"And you, my hero of virtue and greatness!" cried Augustin, with a laugh of mingled anger and surprise, "what will history relate of you to the coming generations?"

"I hope," replied Petion, "that it will tell that of me of which you have no idea, namely, that I lived the life of a citizen who loved right above all things, and was ready to make any sacrifice for virtue."

He turned proudly away, and went down the rugged steep, into the valley. Rigaud and his companions burst into a scornful laugh.

"Is it not enough to make one mad," cried Augustin, "that this puffed-up boy should undertake to treat us here to his fine book-wisdom so cheaply. O, these mother's pets, who come from France, would rather stand and preach in the market-place, with the contract social in hand, than in a deep feeling of their wrongs seize the sword."

"One sees and hears so many odd things," said the good-natured planter, who had spoken before, "of this young man, that we may really believe that there is some linchpin out. Some time ago, he came to dine with me, just as my black Cæsar happened to bleed a little in the ear. The awkward fellow had let my handkerchief drop, and as I accidentally had an iron bolt in my hand, I just touched his head with it. And what did Petion, but cut with his handkerchief, and coatplaster, and scissors, and begin right in my presence, to bind up the fool's wound, and I'll be hanged if his big eyes were not full of tears! 'O, dear!' said I, laughing, 'don't make yourself useless trouble, my little friend, the good Cæsar has a skin that heals excellently, or the fool would have been by this time, only one sore from head to foot. Come, let the black rascal go, our punch will get cold.' Instead of answering, he threw on me a look, quite embarrassing, seized hat and fowling-piece, rushed out of the house, and left me alone to eat my squabs by myself. I only wonder that your sensible brother, walking about here with old M. Ramiro, can be on such good terms with him."

"Because he is just as cold and insensible as this pupil of eternal truth," said Augustin.

"That is not the reason," said André, turning suddenly to his brother, "but because in that young head there is the power of thought as well as of action. Any arm can strike, but it is not every head that thinks, and so curiously is the world arranged, that it often happens that one head must do the thinking for thousands. But this young man, who so easily silences you with a few words, is a rare creature, and my friend and I esteem him, as I esteem no one else. Who was more unwearied, more steadfast in our last struggle than he? It was only through his good counsel that Gen. Beaurais succeeded in retreating without loss, to Verettes, only through his military skill did we keep the plain, and his skilful pen conducted all our negotiations. You need not look so cross, Augustin. You are a brave, bold man, but a thoughtful courage you might learn from my young friend. There he comes back again," he continued, looking down into the valley, "and he is bringing some guests with him, I see."

All turned in the direction indicated, and saw Petion approaching with a couple of guns and game-bags thrown over his shoulder. Close behind, followed two men, whose heavy whiskers showed already in the distance, that they were white. They were clad in hunting-jackets, and wore hunting-knives at their sides. Their caps were stuck with the feathers of the game they had shot. The evening wind brought the sound of their laughter to the hill, from which the company of mulattos were attentively observing them.

The advancing figures were seen suddenly to pause under the large and low hanging branches of the trees, and call after Petion, who was somewhat ahead of them.

The clear voice of the youth, as he climbed up the steep path, was heard, in a tone of encouragement. "Only keep on, gentlemen, follow me," he called to them, "and by my honour! you have nothing to fear. They will gladly and willingly serve you."

The strangers spoke together for a moment in a low voice, then laid their hands on their knives and hastened so quickly after their guide that almost at the same moment with him they reached the tree where Petion stopped; and laid down his burden.

With a quiet smile he turned to the white men, "Let us rest a little here," said he, "you will recover your breath, and then you can carry your bags yourselves, and I will show you a bye-way down to Gonave."

Augustin Rigaud seized Petion's hand, and in a voice trembling with passion, "I will not believe," said he, "that these gentlemen have compelled you to carry those things for them."

"By no means," returned Petion, with a smile. "They had got far out of their way, and when I met them, they were very tired. They begged me to be so kind as to show them the way to Gonave, and added the request that I would carry their fowling-pieces and game bags for them."

"And you degraded yourself so far as to endure the arrogance of these proud fellows," cried Augustin. "And yet, by Heaven! you did right, you led them straight to us."

The huntsmen, at these threatening expressions seized their knives and tore them from their sheaths. "What did I tell you, when we espied these cut-throats," said the younger of the two, a little lively man. "But softly, gentlemen, hands off that fowling-piece, if you please, Mr. mulatto there with the rolling eyes, or life for life, for this knife shall be in your breast before you can pull trigger. But let us discuss this case coolly. What the devil do you want of us? We were lying down there in the valley, wearied with hunting, when this polite young man stumbled over our legs, and begged a thousand pardons. 'Never mind,' said I, 'I bowing in return, though my toes were almost crushed to pieces. But if you really are not a blind man, be so good as to tell us which way lies Gonave, my good friend?' 'Off there,' he replied. 'You have lost your way, the road leads half a league the other side of the hill.' 'I will reward you well,' said my friend here, 'if you will be our guide.' 'I will show you the way without reward, Sir,' was the reply. 'You are a pattern of good manners,' cried I, 'and as you are young and strong and fresh, and nature has besides given you a pair of good shoulders, I pray you, in the name of the goddess of politeness, to please carry these things for us?' 'With the greatest pleasure,' answered the excellent young man, and threw them over his back, and now, gentlemen, what has come over you, and why should you be in a rage with us for availing ourselves of the politeness which has given us the honour of your company."

This whole speech was uttered so cavalierly, that Augustin's fury was only aggravated. He was just about to fling himself upon the insolent stranger, when his brother took the gun out of his hand, and with the most perfect coolness politely requested the others to put up their weapons. "You have done perfectly right," said he, "to use the stout shoulders of my young friend Petion, who, I know, holds it an honour to help the weary and the wandering."

"Petion!" cried the elder of the strangers, colouring.

"The same Petion," replied Rigaud, with great gravity, who, at the head of some hundreds of his friends, recently gave the proud white gentlemen some impressive lessons. But as far as he is concerned now, matters are settled between us. But," he added, in a stern voice, and stepping close to the strangers, "who is it that dares to hunt upon my grounds?"

"And who is it," cried the lesser of the two, "who dares to address us thus boldly?"

"Boy," said the General of the mulattoes, with a proud smile, "this insolence is out of season. A few months ago your arrogance would only have awakened the secret feeling of revenge, and you might then have proposed with impunity to the free mulatto to carry your burdens for you, but now you do it at your peril."

"And where are the shoulders of a mulatto," cried the Frenchman, "that are too good to bend and carry for a man of pure blood?"

Rigaud turned with imperturbable composure to his companions, who had gradually gathered in a thick semicircle round the strangers, and pointing to the latter, "I cannot suppose," he remarked, "that this unheard of folly, can awaken in you the least anger, it is amazing after so many examples of the like kind, to see another living before our eyes. Gentlemen," he added, turning to the strangers, "we live somewhat retired on our plantation here. We need some entertainment, and you will please stay with us awhile and furnish it by your presence."

"Do you mean to deprive us of our liberty," exclaimed the stouter of the two, with warmth. "I am the Baron de Jumecourt, my name must be known to you. This is my friend, M. de Bullet. Fear you not the displeasure of the Governor General and the laws?"

"Not in the least," replied André. "Our hospitality can do you no injury. Put away your weapons, my worthy Sir. The broad shoulders of the mulattoes shall be burdened with them, and by the goddess of politeness, I conjure you to accede to my wishes."

"There is no need of ceremony," cried Augustin, falling in with his brother's humour, and suddenly snatching the knife from M. de Bullet's belt. Under the giant hand of the stout mulatto, the little Frenchman struggled like a child, and the derisive burst of laughter which he provoked only increased his rage. "Quietly, worthy massa," shouted Augustin, raising him from the ground, don't be naughty, or we shall have to tar and feather you, as they do in America, and chase the two legged feathered animal, over hill and vale like an ape."

When Jumecourt saw his companion thus roughly treated, all his hatred of the despised yellow caste awoke in his soul.

He seized his knife and drew it upon Augustin, whom he pushed violently back.

"And this one here," cried Augustin, "is named Jumecourt is he not? Know we not enough of this rascally family? Shall we not crush the vermin at once?"

And at this moment the revengeful spirit with which he had just before snatched the gun from the ground, would have led to a scene of blood, had not Antonina suddenly thrown her arms around him, and with a few low but earnest words forcibly drawn him away. Ramiro's chiding voice and the old man's slender but still vigorous hand finished the work of pacification.

"Are you a man," said his father-in-law, "who a few moments ago had to receive a lesson of composure and moderation from a strippling, and now run madly and blindly upon a knife's point? This nobleman from the north would have spitted you like a quail, if your unfortunate wife, my poor child, had not saved you at the peril of her life."

"Jumecourt!" murmured the mulatto, "I have hated the name, ever since I could think. It hovers forever before my soul an omen of mischief."

"Perhaps you are right," said Ramiro. "It is a name to which the curse of the dying cleaves, and you do well to avoid it."

They were here interrupted by the loud voices of Petion and Rigaud. "Whatever your intentions may be," said Petion, "I alone am the injured one. They put confidence in me, and followed me hither, and never shall the dishonourable suspicion cleave to me that I trapped them into danger. I require their liberation for the sake of my honour. With my blood will I answer for that."

"Not a hair of their heads shall be injured," replied Rigaud, "but I insist upon it, these gentlemen must be our guests for a few days. I give you my hand upon it, they shall go their way shortly, free and unhindered. For the present I require their word of honour to remain my prisoners, and not to leave my house."

"What in all the world," murmured Augustin, between his teeth, "would my sage and mysterious brother be at in insisting upon keeping this bad company here. A short rope and a good stone around their necks, and in with them into the sea to make a visit to the sharks and alligators."

"Do you suppose, then," said Ramiro, with a knowing smile, "that your brother will give them his bread for nothing? You can catch a field mouse, or perhaps upon occasions, a wild-cat, but he is after higher game. Know you, what is brewing down there in Port-au-Prince, or what is going on there on the other side of that dim mountain? What good would it do to feed the fish with these two wily fools? It is the living alone who can be put to any use."

"Yes, and bring us disgrace and shame, too," said Augustin, gloomily.

"Here is my hand and my oath, if it must be so," cried de Bullet at the same moment. "An odd adventure, 'pon honour.' Since these yellow gentlemen insist upon our company, let us show them that our amiable host has invited guests who, I trust, know how to do honour to his house, his cellar, and his kitchen. Your fair cousin, Jumecourt, must wait until it shall please these polite gentlemen to let you go and throw yourself at her feet. Heaven favours its chosen, and already has a lovely angel interposed to appease the wrath of a ———" and here he made a contemptuous pause——"of an adversary of yours."

The Baron de Jumecourt had seized Petion's hand, and in eloquent words thanked him for his noble interposition. Jumecourt's figure was tall, graceful, and muscular. Seven or eight-and-twenty years of age, he passed not only for one of the wealthiest landholders, but also for one of the handsomest men on the Island. His Creole beauty was indeed perfect. Dark, silky hair, rested in luxurious fullness over his high forehead, and shaded his large, sparkling eyes. A strong beard, the pride of a white man, which was worn as a badge of superiority, and in contempt of the deficiency of the yellow race in this particular, completed the fine manly oval of his countenance, whose sunbrown hue, still showed evidence of the purest blood. His ever-changing features expressed daring and levity, and reckless folly. Armand Jumecourt was a spoiled pet of the ladies. He had been engaged at the peril of his life in a thousand rash adventures. In this warm and voluptuous land, teeming with wild desires, had his passions been fostered and matured. He knew no fear, but his audacity had a touch of discretion, and while he swore in his secret soul never to forget this hour against these yellow dogs, he yet pressed Petion's hand with the liveliest emotion, with most amiable candour confessed his arrogance, solicited pardon, and conjured him to accept a costly diamond which he drew from his finger, as a pledge of his eternal friendship.

"I give myself into your protection," said he, "and pray Heaven that I may be so happy as to have an opportunity, at risk of blood and life, to render you a service." And then, without waiting for a reply, he turned to Antonina, who stood beside her frowning husband, and in the choicest words thanked her for her mediation.

"Believe me, madame," said he, with all the gallantry of a true Frenchman, "had I known that such a beautiful and noble creature dwelt here, there would have been no necessity of forcing me to remain. You will see how hard it will be to get rid of me."

Augustin listened to this flattery with lowering looks. When Jumecourt offered him his hand and begged that their recent quarrel might be forgotten, Augustin squeezed his white fingers so violently in his bony grasp, that the Baron, as he drew back, could scarcely conceal an expression of pain. The stout mulatto threw upon him that look of menace which was commonly called in the Island the look of Obi. "Disguise and flatter I cannot," said Augustin, in a harsh voice. "I can be no white man's friend, and least of all yours. Make the sign of the cross between us, M. de Jumecourt, and may we never meet again."

The young Baron shrugged his shoulders with a pitying sneering smile, but his companion laughed outright. "Who the devil is this," he cried, "from whom the cross must protect us? I trust that even his coloured majesty has some respect for those whom the angels have taken under their care."

This coarse raillery was not without its effect, but André Rigaud stepped before his brother, and while he took Antonina's arm within his, he politely invited his guests to accompany him to his house. Ramiro alone remained behind with Augustin, whom he detained, and to whom he spake in a low but earnest voice.

"Not one devil," said he, "but ten of the strongest and young satans possess you, and now another is come, the most devilish of all, the devil of jealousy."

"You are crazy, father," cried Augustin, stamping with his foot.

"Not I," replied Ramiro, "but you, from top to toe. But go on your own way, child, and I should not wonder, if your poor wife, whose whole heart and soul is bound up in you, should be overwhelmed with trouble, disgust, and regret, and come to curse the hot foolish passion which is the bane of her life. Who can love a savage who drives away every tender feeling from his heart, and is looked upon by everybody as a perfect tiger."

"Do I not love her, then, with more than human love?" said Augustin. "O! my father, how gladly would I press all men to my heart; but are these wretches, with their cruelty and selfishness and baseness, are these deserving of my regard? This it is that has embittered my soul from my youth up. I have met only with the vulgar and the base, have experienced nothing but taunting and shame. Heaven has given me blood that rolls like fire in my veins. Happy he who knows not the torments of a passionate heart. You cold people preach moderation and prudence with little difficulty, but you know not how impossible rest is for the violence of passion. I am a simpleton, a fool. I curse myself a thousand times. Remorse overwhelms me, and yet the next moment every good purpose is lost. She will learn to hate me, you say: O! I feel it, you may be right; but pray, father, pray that Heaven forbid that. My colour is yellow, this despised, cursed colour, which nothing can wash out, and this fop's skin is smooth, and red, and white. When I look at him my soul is filled with a deadly hate. I could do a terrible deed."

The old man endeavoured to smile, but a dark frown gathered on his brow. "I could convince you," said he, "that there is no greater folly on earth than this same jealousy, there is nothing so full of wretchedness. It is one of those universal weaknesses into which men fall, from pole to pole. It has nothing noble in it, for it springs not from love, not from a noble pride or true honour, but only from a mortified vanity. An ugly woman cannot awaken it. It is excited only by the jaundiced eye, and the infatuated mind, and these lead to violence and crime. That they call appeasing their wounded honour, and all nations have done homage to this madness. Secure the love of a woman and then rest proudly and confidently in the consciousness of your own worth. The unworthy passion, tear it out of your heart, raise yourself above a weak vanity, for jealousy is a man's greatest weakness, a base humiliation of himself and a sign of his dissatisfaction with himself."

Augustin listened patiently. With a sigh he pressed the hand of his austere relative. "You speak like a philosopher who, knowing no temptation, moralizes upon the weakness of man, and uses life as if it were nothing but a book full of good lessons. But life turns into ridicule the lessons of this cold wisdom, and what you brand as folly, is the very core and heart of life, it is Jacob's ladder leading up to Heaven, into the eternal deep. Who is the greatest fool? What is the wisdom that fruitlessly analyzes life? What the folly that follows nature? I am as I am, and cannot torture myself with fanciful dreams. I hate and love with my whole nature, but would to God, I could be like you."

So speaking, he tore himself away, and Ramiro followed him, mourning over the fiery, proud character of his son-in-law.

(To be continued.)

From the British Friend.

MAKING OF FRIENDS' CLOTHING.

The following remarkable documents respecting the making of Friends' clothing, are extracted from records of our early Friends in Dublin, and in London; and are transcribed for the purpose of exhibiting the great care of our worthy predecessors, in guarding their members against the dangerous contamination arising from following the vain fashions of the world, in their apparel.

Those examples of self devotion to a Christian principle, are worthy of being regarded by us with admiration and respect; although, in these days of degeneracy, we may be too weak to imitate them.

S.

"At the half-year's Men's Meeting held in Dublin, the 9th and 10th days of the 3d month, 1687,—

"4th minute, Whereas, there was some years ago, a meeting of Tailors appointed, that they might meet together to see that none do excel the bounds of Truth, in making of apparel according to the vain and changeable fashions of the world; which meeting having been for some time past neglected, there is a desire in the minds of Friends of this meeting, to have it renewed again; and, therefore, it is desired that such Tailors as are present do meet together and consider, whether things be answered in that trade according to Truth." Here followeth the names of several Tailors, who are desired to meet as above-mentioned, viz: fourteen Friends."

Upon this recommendation of the meeting, a conference was held of Friends engaged in the Tailoring business, who issued the following advice:—

"At our meeting of Tailors in Dublin, the 11th of the 3d month, 1687,

"The concern and care that hath for several years past been upon the spirits of Friends when assembled together at several half-years' meetings, from which several testimonies have been given forth that all Friends might keep out of the vain and foolish fashions of the world, as to which fashions in apparel some that profess Truth of our trade have not kept themselves so clear as we could desire, in making or cutting out some garments for Friends and their children, but have entered too much into such fashions as the people of the world have invented, to the grief of the spirits of those who desire to keep the first pattern which the Truth brought us into in the beginning. These things being under our consideration at this time, has caused us to renew our Tailors' meeting, which for some time past hath been neglected. Wherefore, being now again stirred up by the spirit of love and true tenderness for the good of all concerned, we do desire all Friends of our trade throughout this nation to let the plain innocent Truth, and the honour thereof, be more in their eye than the profit and gain that may be had by making any garment that is not agreeable to Truth and the plainness thereof, so that we may retain our first love, and that we may be still known by the world to retain and keep to that which tendered our hearts; that they may be made to confess we are not a changeable people as some are that run into the many changeable fashions, namely, to keep out of making mens' coats with a great compass, and plaited in the lower parts, and big cuffs with needless buttons: and likewise in women's apparel, long slopes behind, which are the vain fashions of the world, and not to be practised by us who profess the Truth; for we are not to fashion ourselves according to the course of this world, but to be transformed by the renewing of our minds.

"Signed on behalf of the said meeting, by

"EDWARD HUDSON, TOBIAS PEADWELL."

The following minute of the Morning Meeting in London, on the subject, addressed to Friends of the same trade, appears to be an answer to an address of the Tailors to that meeting, but which address the transcriber has not met with:—

"1690, 3d month. To Friends of the Meeting of Tailors, London—

"Friends! we have received your testimony against the vain and needless fashions of the world, and exhorting to plainness and moderation, and we do well approve thereof, and desire that you may confirm this testimony in your practice; and we are also willing that copies of it may be sent from your Meeting to your correspondents, and to Monthly Meetings, for the stirring up the witness of God in others, that a reformation may be carried on, the Lord's name honoured, and his people preserved.

"From Friends, at the second day's Morning Meeting in London; signed by

"BENJAMIN BEALING, Clerk."

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

FOX AND PITT.—The following is a sketch of the two great men of the day, Fox and Pitt:—

"Pitt was undoubtedly one of the greatest masters of ornamental eloquence. His language was amazingly fine and flowing; his voice admirable; his action most expressive; his figure genteel and commanding. Bitter satire was his forte; when he attempted ridicule, which was very seldom, he succeeded happily: when he attempted to reason, poorly. But where he chiefly shone, was in exposing his own conduct; having waded through the most notorious apostacy in politics, he treated it with an impudent confidence that made all reflections upon him poor and spiritless when worded by any other man. Out of the House of Commons he was far from being this shining character. His conversation was affected and unnatural, his manner not engaging, nor his talents adapted to a country where ministers must court, if they would be courted. Fox, with a great hesitation in his elocutions and a barrenness of expression, had conquered these impediments, and the prejudices they had raised in his speaking, by a vehemence of reasoning, and closeness of argument, that beat all the orators of the time. His spirit, his steadiness, and humanity, procured him strong attachments, which the more jealous he grew of Pitt, the more he cultivated. Fox always spoke to the question, Pitt to the passions; Fox, to carry the question; Pitt to raise himself: Fox pointed out, Pitt lashed the errors of his antagonists: Pitt's talents were likely to make him soonest, Fox's to keep him First Minister longest."—*Horace Walpole.*

A WITTY AUCTIONEER.—A young wag, who had made "going, going, gone," his profession—a great favourite among the knights of the buskin, and all good fellows, besides being a chosen favourite among the ladies—was once mounted, hammer in hand, selling a piece of furniture. He was well conversant with all the best dramatic productions of the day, and among the rest the *Hunchback*, then the rage of Boston, where the joke occurred. Fanny Kemble was at the time delighting the town with her *Julia*, and everybody was well acquainted with the celebrated lines—

"Clifford, why don't you speak to me?
"O, Clifford, is it you," &c.

Which are ranked among the favourite points of the play. "Going, going—last call—fifty-two—any more?—fifty-three—thank you, Sir—fifty-three dollars—last call—once, twice—any more?—gone! Who is it?" There was a pause, and nobody answered. "Who is it? who bid fifty-three?" "Clifford," cried a voice near the door. "*O, Clifford is it you?*" exclaimed the auctioneer, dropping his hammer, and clasping his hands *a la* Fanny Kemble. The joke was irresistible; everybody recognized it; and catching the spirit of the thing, the audience followed up an ecstacy of laughter with three rounds of applause, while the auctioneer drew out a handkerchief in burlesque imitation of Miss Fanny. "Clifford, did you say, Sir? Clifford," said the auctioneer, when the merriment had subsided, "is it cash, Sir?" Clifford, the purchaser, it seems, was a bashful person, unacquainted with theatrical things, and had become somewhat alarmed at the unaccountable good humour of the crowd, so that he was afraid to open his lips again, lest he should excite another burst of fun. "Is it cash, Sir?" again inquired the auctioneer. All eyes were turned upon Clifford, who looked very much as if he felt his mother might be anxious about hi . The merry auctioneer would rather lose his customer than his joke, and exclaimed, still imitating the fiery-eyed Fanny,

"Clifford! why don't you speak to me?"

The assembly now fairly screamed with laughter; and, amid an uproarious burst of applause, Clifford made a precipitate rush for the door, and escaped.—*Kingston (Canada) News.*

A BRIDE'S BAGGAGE.—The wardrobe equipages, &c. of the Princess Royal of Wirtemburgh (the Grand Duchess Olga,) was composed of three hundred and twelve chests and five carriages, weighing altogether six hundred and ninety-one cwt.

THE POPE AND THE PETTICOATS.—The new Pope, when he began his reign, allowed ladies to attend the audiences he gives at the Vatican; but it is said that he has been forced to return to the old order of things.

THE COMMANDMENTS.—An illiterate Scotch collier went to the minister of the parish in which he lived to see about getting his first child baptized. When he got into the minister's house he was asked how many commandments there were. He replied, "Twenty." "Go away, go away," said the minister: "you must learn your *questions* better before you come here to get your child baptized." As the collier was going down the avenue leading from the minister's house, he met a fellow-miner going on the same errand. "Well," said he, "how many commandments are there?" "Ten." "O, you needna gang up there wi' *ten*, for I offered him *twenty*, and he wadna tak' them."

Mr. Braham is said to be about to retire from professional life; though, previous to doing so, he will make a tour of the provinces. The death of his daughter's husband, the Earl of Waldegrave, without issue, renders it no longer necessary that he should pursue his labours.

In a recent lecture at the Liverpool Mechan